

Greenes Tu quoque,

OR,
The Cittie Gallant.

A newe and diversitie of tales by the Queenes
Maiesties Servantes.

Written by I. COOKE Gent.



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To the Reader.

Honoratiate the loue and memory of my worthy friend the Author, and my entirely beloued Fellow, the Actor, I could not chuse being in the way iust when this Play was to be published in Print, but to preface some token of my affection to either in the frontispice of the Booke. For the Gentleman that wrote it, his Poem it selfe can better speake his prasse, then any Oratory fromme. Nor can I tell whether this worke was auuised with his consent or no: but howsoeuer, since it hath passe the Test of the stage with so generall an applause, pitie it were but it shoule likewise haue the honour of the Presse. as for Master Greene, all that I will speake of him (and that without flattery) is this (if I were worthy to censure) there was not an Actor of his nature in his time of better ability in performance of what he undertooke; more applaudent by the Audience, of greater grace at the Court, or of more general loue in the City, and so with this briefe character of his memory, I commit him to his rest.

Thomas Heywood.

Vpon the death of Thomas Greene.

*How faste bleake Autumne changeth Floraes dye,
What yesterday was (Greene) now's seare & dry.*

W. R.



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A Mercers Shop discouered , Gartred working in it, Spendall walking by the Shop : M Ballance walking ouer the Stage : after him Longfield and Geraldine.

Francis.



Hat lacke you sir? faire stuffes, or vcluets?

Ball. Good morrow Franke.

Fran. Good morrow master Ballance.

Gerald. Saue you master Long-field.

Long. And you sir, what busynesse drawes you toward this end o'th towne?

Gerald. Faith no great serious affaires, onely a stirring humour to walke, and partly to see the beauties of the Cittie; but it may be you can instruct me : pray whose shop's this?

Long. Why tis Will Ralbes fathers , a man that you are well acquainted with. Enter a wench with a basket of

Ger. As with your selfe; and is that his sister? linnen

Long. Marry is it sir.

Ger. Pray let vs walke , I would beholde her better.

Wench. Buy some quaiifes, handkerchers, or very good bonelace Mistis.

Gart. None.

Wench. Will you buy any handkerchers, sir?

Spend. Yes, haue you any fine ones?

Wench. Ile shew you choice, please you looke sir?

Spend. How now! what newes?

B

Wench.

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Wench. Mistris Tickleman has sent you a Letter, and expects your company at night, and intreats you to send her an angell, whether you can come, or whether you can not.

He reads.

Spend. Sweet rascal! if your loue be as earnest as your protestation, you will meeke me this night at Supper, you know the randeuows, there will be good company, a noise of choice Fidlers, a fine boy with an excellent voice, very good songs and bawdy; and which is more, I doe purpose my selfe to be exceeding merry: but if you come not, I shall powt my selfe sick, and not eate one bit to night.

Your continuall close friend,

Nan Tickle-man.

I pray send me an angell by this bearer, whether ye can come, or whether ye cannot.

What's the price of these two?

Wench. Halfe a crowne in truth, sir.

Spend. Hold thee, there's an angell, and commend me to my delight, tell her I will not faile her, though I loose my freedome by't.

Exit wench.

Wench. I thanke you sir; buy any fine handkerchers?

Long. You are taken sir extreamely, what's the obie&?

Gerald. Shee's wonderous faire.

Long. Nay, and your thoughts bee on wenching Ile leaue you.

Gerald. You shall not be so vnfriendly, pray assist mee; Wee'l to the shop and cheapen stuffes or fattins.

Spend. What lacke you Gentlemen? fine stuffes, veluetes, or fattins? pray come neare.

Ger. Let me see a good fatten.

Spend. You shall sir, what colour?

Ger. Faith I am indifferent, what colour most affects you Lady?

Ger. Sir!

Ger. Without offence (faire creature) I demaund it.

Ger.

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Gart. Sir, I beleue it, but I neuer did
Tie my affection vnto any colour.

Ger. But my affection (fairest) is fast tied
Vnto the crimson colour of your cheeke.

Gart. You relish too much Courtier, sir.

Long. What's the price of this?

Spend. Fifteene indeede sir.

Long. You set a high rate on't, it had neede be good.

Spend. Good! if you find a better i'th towne, Ile give you
mine for nothing: if you were my owne brother, I'de put it in-
to your hands, looke vpon't, tis close wrought, and has an
excellent glasse.

Long. I, I see't.

Spend. Pray sir come into the next roome; Ile shew you
that of a lower price shall (perhappes) better please you.

Long. This fellow has an excellent tongue, sure hee was
brought vp in the Exchange.

Spend. Will you come in sir?

Long. No, tis no matter, for I meane to buy none.

Gerald. Pre thee walke in, what you bargaine for, Ile dis-
charge.

Long. Say so; fall to your worke, Ile be your chapman.

Ger. Why doe you say I flatter? *Exeunt Spend. Long.*

Gart. Why? you doe,
And so doe all men when they women wooe.

Ger. Who lookes on heauen, and not admires the worke?
Who viewes a well cut Diamond, does not praise
The beauty of the Stone? if these deserue
The name of Excellent, I lacke a word
For thee which meritst more,
More then the tongue of man can attribute.

Gart. This is pretty Poetry, good fiction this: Sir, I must
leauue you.

Ger. Leauue with me first some comfort.

Gart. What would you craue?

Gerald. Thatas which I feare you will not let me haue.

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Gart. You doe not know my bountie; Say what t'is.

Ger. No more (faire creature) then a modest kisfe.

Gart. If I shoulde give you one, would you refraine,
on that condition, ne'r to begge againe.

Gen. I dare not grant to that.

Gart. Then's seemes you haue,
Though you get nothing, a delight to craue,
One will not hurt my lippe, which you may take,
Not for your loue, but for your absence sake. So farewel sir.

Ger. O fare thee well (faire regent of my soule)
Never let ill sit neere thee, vnlesse it come
To purge it selfe; be as thou euer seemest,
An Angell of thy Sex, borne to make happy
The man that shall possesse thee for his Bride.

Enter Spendall and Longfield.

Spen. Wil you haue it for thirteene shillings and six pence?
Ile fall to as lowe a price as I can, because Ile buy your cu-
stome.

Long. How now man! what! intranced?

Ger. Good sir, ha you done?

Long. Yes faith, I thinkie as much as you, and t'is iust no-
thing: where's the wench?

Gerald. Shee's heere sir, heere.

Long. Vds pity! vnbutton man, thou'l stifle her else.

Ger. Nay good sir, will you goe?

Long. With all my heart, I stay but for you.

Spen. Doe you heare sir?

Long. What say?

Spend. Will you take it for thirteene?

Long. Not a penny more then I bid. *Ex. Ger. & Long.*

Spend. Why then say you might haue had a good bargaine;
Where's this boy to make vp the wates? heer's some tenne
peeces opened, and all to no purpose. *Enter Boy.*

Boy. O Franke! shut vp shop, shut vp shop.

Spend. Shut vp shop, boy, why?

Boy. My Master is come from the Court knightred, and bid

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vs, for he sayes he will haue the first yeare of the reigne of his
Knighthood kept holiday; here he comes. *Enter Sir Lionell.*

Spend. God give your worship joy, sir.

Sir Lion. O Francke! I haue the worship now in the right
kinde, the sword of Knighthood sticks stil vpon my shoulders,
and I feele the blow in my purse, it has cut two leather bagges
asunder; but all's one, honour must be purchaſd: I will giue
ouer my Citty coate, and betake my ſelfe to the Court iacket;
as for trade, I will deale in't no longer, I will ſeate thee in my
shop, and it ſhall be thy care to aſke men what they lacke, my
ſtocke ſhall be ſummed vp, and I will call thee to an account
for it.

Spend. My ſeruice ſir, neuer deſeru'd ſo much,
Nor could I euer hope ſo large a bountie
Coudiſt ſpring out of your loue.

Sir Lion. That's all one,
I do loue to do things beyond mens hopes,
To morrow I remoue into the Strand,
There for this quarter dwell, the next at Fulham:
He that hath choice, may ſhift, the whilſt thou
Be maiftre of this house, and rent it free.

Spend. I thanke you ſir.

Sir Lion. To day Ile go dine with my Lord Maior: to mor-
row with the Sherifes, and next day with the Aldermen, I will
ſpread the Enſigne of my knighthood ouer the face of the Citi-
ty, which ſhall ſtrike as great a terror to my enemies, as euer
Tamberlaine to the Turkes.

Come Francke, come in with me, and ſee the meate,
Vpon the which my knighthood firſt ſhall eate. *Ex: omnes.*

Enter Staines.

Staines. There is a diuell haſt haunted me theſe three yeareſ,
in likeneſſe of an Uſurer, a fellow that in all his life neuer eat
three groat loaues out of his owne purſe, nor neuer warmed
him but at other mens fires, neuer ſaw a ioynt of mutton in his
owne house theſe foure and twenty yeareſ, but alwayes coſo-
ned the poore priſoneſ, for he alwayes bought his viſtuallis

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out of the almes-basket, and yet this rogue now feedes vpon espous which my tenants sent him out of the Countrey; he is Landlord forsooth ouer all my posessions: well, I am spent, and this rogue has consumed me; I dare not walke abroade to see my friends, for feare the Sericants should take acquaintance of me: my refuge is *Ireland*, or *Virginia*; necessitie cries out, and I will presently to *Westchester*. Enter *Bubble*. How now! *Bubble* hast thou pack'd vp all thy things? our parting time is come: nay prethee doe not weepe.

Bub. Affection sir will burst out.

Staines. Thou hast beene a faithfull seruant to me, go to thy vncle, hee'l giue thee entertainement, tell him vpon the stonie rocke of his mercilesse hart my fortunes suffer shipwracke.

Bub. I will tell him he is an vsluring rascall, and one that would do the Common-wealth good, if he were hanged.

Staines. Which thou hast cause to wish for, thou arte his heire, my affectionate *Bubble*.

Bub. But Master, wherefore should we be parted? (full.

Staines. Because my fortunes are desperate, thine are hope-

Bub. Why but whither doe you meane to goe Maister?

Staines. Why to Sea.

Bub. To sea! Lord blesse vs, me thinks I heare of a tempest already, but what will you doe at Sea? (pyrate.

Staines. Why as other Gallants doe that are spent, turne

Bub. O Maister! haue the grace of Wapping before your eyes, remember a high tide, giue not your friends cause to wet their handkerchers: nay Maister, Ile tell you a better course then so, you and I will goe and robbe mine vncle; if we scape, wee'l dominiere together, if we be taken, wee'l be hanged together at Tyburne, that's the warmer gallowes of the two.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. By your leaue sir, whereabouts dwells one M. *Bubble*?

Bub. Doe you heare, my friend, doe you know M. *Bubble* if you doe see him?

Mes. No in truth doe I not.

Bub. What is your busynesse with Maister *Bubble*?

Mess.

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Mes. Marry sir, I come with welcome newes to him.

Bub. Tell it, my friend, I am the man.

Mes. May I be assured sir, that your name is master *Bubble*?

Bub. I tell thee, honest friend, my name is master *Bubble*,
Master *Bartholomew Bubble*.

Mes. Why then sir, you are heire to a million, for your vncle the rich vnsurer is dead.

Bub. Pray thee honest friend, goe to the next Haberdashers, and bid him send me a new melancholy hat, and take thou that for thy labour.

Mes. I will sir, Exit.

Enter another *Messenger* hastily, and knockes.

Bub. Vmh, vmh, vmh.

Sta. I wold the newes were true; see how my little *Bubble* is blowne vp with'! (there?)

Bub. Doe you heare, my friend, for what doe you knocke

2. Mes. Marry sir, I wold speake with the worshipfull Master *Bubble*.

Bub. The worshipfull! and what would you doe with the worshipfull Master *Bubble*? I am the man.

2. Mes. I cry your worship mercy then, Master Thong the Belt-maker sent me to your worship, to give you notice, that your vncle is dead, and that you are his onely heire. Exit.

Bub. Thy newes is good, and I haue look'd for't long,
Thankes vnto thee, my friend, and goodman Thong.

Enter *Master Blancke*.

Staines. Certainly, this newes is true: for see another, by this light his Scriuener! now M. *Blancke*, whither away so fast?

Bla. Maister *Staines*, God saue you, where is your man?

Staines. Why looke you sir, do you not see him?

Bla. God saue the right worshipfull master *Bubble*; I bring you heauy newes with a light heart.

Bub. What are you?

Bla. I am your worships poore Scriuener.

Bub. He is an honest man it seems, for he has both his eares.

Bla. I am one that your worships vncle committed some trust

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trust in for the putting out of his mony, and I hope I shall haue the putting out of yours.

Bub. The putting out of mine! would you haue the putting out of money?

Bla. Yea sir.

Bub. No sir, I am olde enough to put out my owne mony.

Bla. I haue writings of your worship.

Sta. As thou lou'st thy p[ro]fite, hold thy tongue, thou and I will conserue.

Bub. Do you heare, my friend, can you tell me when, and how my vncle died? (Butcher?)

Bla. Yes sir, he died this morning, and hee was kill'd by a

Bub. How! by a Butcher?

Bla. Yes indeed sir, for going this morning into the Mar-
ket, to cheape[n] meat[e], hee felldowne stark dead, because a
Butcher ask'd him four shillings for a shoulde[r] of Mutton.

Bub. How stark dead! & could not aqua vita fetch him again?

Bla. No sir, nor Rosa solis neither, and yet there was triall
made of both.

Bub. I shall loue aqua vita & rosa solis the better while I liue.

Sta. Will it please your worship to accept of my poore ser-
vice, you know my case is desperate, I beseech you that I may
feed vpon your bread, tho it be of the brownest, and drinke of
your drinke tho it be of the smallest, for I am humble in body,
and dejected in minde, and will do your worship as good ser-
vice for forty shillings a yeare, as another shall for 3. pounds.

Bub. I wil not stand with you for such a matter, because you
haue beene my master, but otherwise, I will entertaine no man
without some Knights or Ladies Letter for their behauour,
Gernase I take it is your christen name.

Sta. Yes if it please your worship.

Bub. Well *Gernase*, be a good seruant, and you shall finde
me a dutifull master: and because you haue beene a Gentle-
man, I will entertaine you for my Tutor in behauour; Con-
duct me to my pallace.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Geraldine as in his study reading.

Ger. As little children loue to play with fire.

And

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And will not leaue till they themselues doe burne,
So did I fondly dally with Desire:
Vntill Loues flames grew hote, I could not turne,
Norwell auoyde; but sigh and sob, and mourne
As children doe, whenas they feele the paine,
Till tender mother kisse them whole againe.
Fie, what vnsauery stuppe is this? but shee,
Whose mature iudgement can distinguish things,
Will thus conceit; tales that are harshest told,
Haue smoothest meanings, and to speake are bold:
It is the first-borne Sonet of my braine,
We suck'd a white leafe from my blacke-lipp'd penne
So sad employment, Enter Will Rast and Longfield.
Yet the dry paper drinkest it vp as deep,
As if it flow'd from Petrarkes cunning Quill.

Rast. How now! what haue we heere, a Sonet and a Satire
coupled together like my Ladies Dogge and her Munkie; *At
little children &c.*

Ger. Prethee away, by the deepest oath that can be sworne,
thou shalt not reade it, by our friendship I coniure thee, pre
thee let goe.

Rast. Now in the name of *Cupid*, what want'ft thou, a pi
geon, a doue, a mate, a turtle, dost loue fowle, ha?
O no, shee's fairer thrice then is the *Quogene*,
Whom beauteous *Venus* calld is by name, pre thee let me
know what she is thou louest, that I may shunne her, if I should
chance to meeet her.

Long. Why Ile tell you sir what she is, if you do not know.

Rast. No not I, I protest. *Long.* Why tis your sister.

Rast. How! my sister? *Long.* Yes, your eldest sister.

Rast. Now God blesse the man, he had better chuse a wench
that has been borne and bred in an alley, her tongue is a perpe
tuall motion, Thought is not so swift as it is, and for pride, the
woman that had her Ruffe poak'd by the diuell, is but a Puri
tan to her, thou couldst never haue fastned thy affection on a
worse subiect, shee'l flow faster then a court-waiting woman

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in progresse, any man that comes in the way of honesty does
she set her marke vpon, that is, a villynous leasf; for she is a
kynde of Poeresse, and will make Ballads vpon the calues of
your legges: I pray thee let her alone, shee'l never make a good
wile for any man vnlesse it be a Leather dresser; for perhaps
he, in time, may turne her.

Ger. Thou hast a Priviledge to vtter this,
But by my life my owne bloud could not scapo
A chalciment for thus prophanieng her,
Whose vertues sits above mens calumnies,
Had mine owne brother spoke thus liberally,
My fury should haue taught him better manners.

Long. No more words as you feare a challenge.

Raf. I may tell thee in thine eare, I am glad to heare what
I do; I pray God send her no worse husband, nor he no worse
wife; do you heare loue, willyou take your Cloak and Rapier,
and walke abroad into some wholesome aire? I do much feare
thy infection, good councell I see will do no good on thee, but
purſue the end, and to thy thoughts, Ile proue a faithfull friend.

Enter Spendall, Non Tickleman, Sweatman, Exit.

Payfenet, and a Drawer.

Spend. Here's a spacious roome to walke in, serra set downe
the candle, and ferch vs vp a quart of Ipocras, and so wee'l part.

Sweat. Nay faith Soone, wee'l have a porrtle, let's ne'er be
couerous in our yong dayes.

Spend. A porrtle serra, doe you heare?

Dra. Yes sir, you shill.

Spend. How now Wench! how doſt?

Tickle. Faith I am ſomewhat ſicke, yet I ſhould be well en-
ough if I had a new gowne.

Spend. Why heere's my hand, within theſe three dayes thou
ſhalt haue one.

Sweat. And willyou (ſonne) remember me for a new fore-
part, by my troth, my old one is worne ſo bare, I am a ſham'd
any body ſhould ſee't.

Spend. Why, did I euer fail of my promife?

Sweat.

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Sweat. No insinceritie didst thou not. *Enter Drawer.*

Dra. Heere's a cup of rich Ipoeras.

Spend. Here sister, mother, and master Pursnet; nay good sir, be not so dejected, for by this wine, to morrow I will send you stuffe for a new suite, and as much as shall line you a cloake cleane through.

Purs. I thanke you, and shall study to deserue.

Spend. Heere boy, fill, and hang that eurmogin that's good for no body but himselfe.

Purs. Heroickly spoken by this Candle, tis pity thou wert not made a Lord.

Spend. A Lord! by this Light I doe not thinke but to bee Lord Maior of London before I die, and haue three Pageants carried before me, besides a Shippe and an Vnicorne; prentices may pray for that time, for whensoeuer it happens, I will make another Shrouetuesday for them. *Enter Drawer.*

Dra. Yong master *Rasb* has sent you a quart of Maligoe.

Spend. M: *Rasb!* zowndz how does he know I am here?

Dra. Nay, I know not fir.

Spend. Know not? it comes through you and your rascally glib-tongu'd companions, tis my Masters sonne, a fine gentleman he is, & a boone companion, I must go so high. *Exit Spend.*

Sweat. Boy, fill vs a cup of your maligo, wee'l drinke to M. *Spendall* in his absence, there's not a finer spirit of a Cittizen Within the walles, here master *Pursnet* you shall pledge him.

Purs. Ile not refuse it were it puddle: by *Stixhs* is a boun-
tiful Gentleman, and I shall report him so; heere M. *Tickle-
man*, shall I charge you?

Tickl. Doe your worst Sergeant, Ile pledge my yoong *Spendall* a whole set, as they say, fa la la la la, would the Mu-
sick were heere againe, I doe beginne to be wanton, Ipoeras sitra, and a drie bisket; here bawd, a carowse.

Sweat. Bawd! I faith you beginne to grow light ith head, I
pray, no more such words, for if you doe, I shall grow into di-
stempers.

Tickl. Distempers! hang your distempers, be angry with

C a me

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me and thou dar'st, I pray, who seedes you, but I? who keepes the feather-beddes from the Brokers, but I? tis not your sawge face, thicke clowted creame rampallion at home, that snuffles in the nose like a decayed Bagge-pipe.

Purſ. Nay, sweete Mistris *Tickler-was*, be concordant, reverence Antiquitie.

Enter Rafe, Longfield, and Spendal.

Rafe. Saue you, sweete creatures of beauty, saue you: How now olde Belzebub, how doſt thou?

Sweat. Belzebub! Belzebub in thy face.

Spend. Nay, good words Mistris Sweatman, hee's a young Gallant, you must not weigh what he ſayes.

Rafe. I would my lamentable complainyng Loner had beene heere, heere had beene a Supersedeas for his melancholy, and yfaith Francke I am glad my father has turn'd ouer his ſhop to thee, I hope I, or any friend of mine, ſhall haue ſo much credite with thee, as to ſtand in thy bookeſ for a ſuite of Sattin.

Spend. For a wholte peecce, if you please, any friend of yours ſhall command me to the laſt remnant.

Rafe. Why God a mercy Francke, what, ſhall's to dice?

Spend. Dice or drinke, heere's forty crownes, as long as that will laſt, any thing.

Rafe. Why there ſpoke a gingling Boy.

Spend. A pox of money, it is but rubbiſh, and he that hoord's it vp, is but a ſcavenger: if there be cardes in thine house, let's goe to Primero.

Rafe. Primero! why I thought thou hadſt not been ſo much gamſter as to play at it.

Spend. Gamſter (to ſay truth) I am none, but what is it I will not be in good company? I will ſit my ſelfe to all humors, I will game with a Gamſter, drinke with a drunkard, be ciuill with a ciitizen, fight with a swaggerer, and drabbe with a whoore-maſter.

Enter a Swaggerer puffing.

Rafe.

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Rab. An excellent humour yfaith.

Long. Zownds what haue we heere?

Spend. A land Porpoise, I thinkē.

Rab. This is no angry, nor no roaring boy, but a blustering boy; now Eols defend vs, what puffes are these?

Swag. I doe smell a whoore.

Dra. O Gentlemen, giue him good words, hee's one of the rearing boyes.

Swag. Rogue.

Dra. Heere sir.

Swag. Take my cloake, I must vnbuckle, my pickled oyters worke; puffe, puffe.

Spend. Puffe, puffe.

Swag. Dost thou retort, in opposition stand.

Spend. Out you swaggering Rogue, Zownds Ile kicke him out of the roome. *Beates him away.*

Tickle. Out alas! their naked tooles are out,

Spend. Feare not (sweet heart;) come along with me.

Enter Gartred sola. Exeunt omnes.

Gart. Thrice happy dayes they were, and too soone gone, When as the heart was coupled with the tongue,

And no deceitfull flattery or guile:

Hung on the Louers teare-commixed smile:

Could women learne but that imperiousnesse,

By which men vse to flint our happinessse,

When they haue purchaſt vs for to be theirs,

By customearie sighs and forced teares,

To giue vs bittes of kindnessse, leſt we faint,

But no abundance, that we euer want,

And ſtill are beggning; which too well they know

Endeeres affection, and doth make it grow:

Had we theſe ſleights, how happy were we then,

That we might glory ouer loue-ficke men?

But Arts we know not, nor haue any ſkill,

To ſaine a ſowre looke to a plesing will, *Enter Ioyce.*

Nor cowch a ſecret loue in ſhew of hate:

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But if we like, must be compassionate;
Yet I will stiue to bridle and conceale,
The hid affection which my heart doth feele.

Joyce Now the boy with the Bird-bolt be praiside : nay faith
sister forward, t'was an excellent passion, come let's heare,
what is hee? if hee be a proper man, and haue a blacke eye, a
smooth chinne, and a curld pate, take him wench, if my father
will not consent, runne away with him, I'le helpe to conuey
you.

Gart. You talke strangely sister.

Joyce Sister, sister, dissemble not with me, though you doe
meane to dissemble with your louer, though you haue pro-
tested to conceale your affection; by this tongue yee shall not,
for I'le discouer all as soone as I know the Gentleman.

Gart. Discouer, what will you discouer?

Joyce Mary, enough Ile warrant thee, first and formost, Ile
tell him thou readst loue-passions in print, and speakeſt euerie
morning without booke to thy looking-glaſſe; next, that thou
never ſleepſt, till an houre after the Bell man; that as ſoone as
thou art aſleep, thou art in a dreame, and in a dreame thou art
the kindest and comfortableſt bed-fellow for kiffings and
embracings; by this hand, I can not reſt for thee, but our fa-
ther. —

Enter Sir Lyonell.

Lyonell. How now! what are you two consulting on, on
husbands? you thinke you loſte time I am ſure, but holde
your owne alittle Girles, it ſhall not be long ere I'le prouide
for you: and for you *Gartred*, I haue beþought my ſelfe alrea-
Whirle-pit the vſurer is late deceast, (dy,
A man of vndeſcended wealth, which he haſt leſt
Vnto a prouident kinſman as I heare,
That was once ſeruant to that vndeſcended *Staines*.
A prudent Gentleman they ſay he is,
And (as I take it) called maſter *Bubble*.

Joyce *Bubble*!

Lyonell Yes nimble-chappes, what ſay you to that?

Joyce

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Joyce Nothing, but that I wish his Christen name were
Water.

Gart. Sir, I'mat your dispesing, but my minde
Stands not as yet towards marriage,
Were you so please I would a little longer
Enjoy the quiet of a single bed.

Lyonell Heere's the right tricke of them all, let a man
Be motion'd to vrn, they could be content
To leade a single life forsooth, when the harlotries
Doe pine and runne into diseases,
Eate chalke and oate-meale, cry and creep in corners,
Which are manifest tokenes of their longings,
And yet they will dissemble. But *Gartred*,
As you doe owe me reverence, and will pay it,
Prepare your selfe to like this Gentleman,
Who can maintaine thee in thy choice of Gownes,
Oftyres, of seruants, and of costly Jewells;
Nay for a neede, out of his easie nature,
Maist draw him to the keeping of a Coach
For Countrey, and Carroach for London,
Indeed what mightest thou not.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, here's one come from Master *Bubble*, to imuite
you to the funerall of his vncle.

Lyonell Thanke the Messenger, and make him drinke,
Tell him I will not fail to wait the coarfe,
Yet stay, I will goe talke with him my selfe:
Gartred, thinke vpon what I haue tolde you,
And let me er't be long receiue your answere.

Exeunt Lyonell & Ser.

Joyce Sister, sister.

Gart. What say you sister?

Joyce Shall I prouide a Cord?

Gart. A Cord! what to doe?

Joyce Why to letthee out at the window; doe not I know
that thou wil runne away with the Gentleman, for whom you
made

Greenes Tu Quoque.

made the passion, rather then indure this same Bubble, that my father talkes of, t'were good you would let mee bee of your councell, lest I breake the necke of your plot.

Gart. Sister, know I loue thee,
And I'le not think a thought thou shalt not know,
I loue a Gentleman that answeres me,
In all the rites of loue as faithfully,
Has woo'd me oft with Sonets, and with teares,
Yet I seeme still to slight him. Experience tells,
The Iewell that's enioy'd is not esteem'd,
Things hardly got, are always highest deem'd.

Joyce. You say wel sister, but it is not good to linger out too long, continuance of time will take away any mans stomacke i'th world; I hope the next time that he comes to you, I shall see him.

Gart. You shall.

Joyce. Why goe to then, you shall haue my opinion of him, if he deserue thee, thou shalt delay him no longer; for if you can not finde in your heart to tell him you loue him, I'le sigh it out for you; come, wel little creatures must helpe one another.

Exeunt. *Enter Geraldus.*

Gerr. How cheerefully things looke in this place,
Tis always Spring-time heere, such is the grace
And potencie of her who has the blisse,
To make it still *Elizewm* where she is:
Nor doth the King of flames in's golden fires,
After a tempest answer mens desires,
When as he casts his comfortable beames,
Ouer the flowrie fields and siluer streames,
As her illustrate Beautie strikes in me,
And wrappes my soule vp to felicitie.

Enter Gartred and Joyce aloft.

Joyce. Doe you heare sir?

Gart. Why sister, what will you doe?

Joyce. By my mayden-head, an oath which I ne'r tooke in vaine, either goe downe and comfort him, or I'le call him vp,
and

Greenes Tu Quoque.

and disclose all: What, will you haue no mercie? but let a proper man, that might spend the spirit of his youth vpon your selfe, fall into a consumption, for shame sister.

Gart. Y'are the strangest creature, what would you haue me doe?

Joy. Marry, I would haue you goe to him, take him by the hand, and grype him, say y'are welcome, I loue you with all my heart, you are the man must doe thefeat, and take him about the necke, and kisse vpon the bargaine.

Gart. Fie how you talke, 'tis meere immodestie, The commonest strumpet would not doe so much.

Joy. Marry the better, for such as are honest, Should still doe what the common strumpet will not: Speake, will you doe it?

Gart. Ile loose his company for euer first.

Joyes. Doe you haere sir? heere's a Gentlewoman would speake with you.

Gart. Why sister, pray fister.

Joyes. One that loues you with all her heart, yet is ashamed to confess it.

Gart. Good sister hold your tongue, I will goe downe to him.

Joyes. Doe not ieast with me, for by this hand I'le eyther get him vp, or goe downe my selfe, and reade the whole History of your loue to him.

Gart. If youle sorbeare to call, I will goe downe.

Joyes. Let me see your backe then, and haere you? doe not vs him scurily you were best; vnset all your tyrannical looks, and bid him louingly welcome, or as I live, I'le stretch out my voice againe; vds foot, I must take some paines I see, or wee shall never haue this geare cotton: but to say truth, the fault is in my melancholy Monsieur, for if hee had but halfe so much spirit, as he has flesh, hee might ha boorded her by this. But see, yonder she marches; now a passion of his side of halfe an hour long, his hattie is off already, as if he were beggning one poore penny-worth of kindnesse.

Enter Gart.

B

Gart.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Ger. Shall I presume (faire Mistris) on your hand to lay my
vnworthy lip?

Joyce. Fie vpon him, I am ashamed to heare him, you shall
haue a Country fellow at a Maie-pole, go better to his worke:
he had neede to be constant, for hee is able to spoile as many
Maides as he shall fall in loue withall.

Gart. Sir, you professe loue vnto me, let me intreate you it
may appearre but in some small request.

Ger. Let me know it (Lady) and I shall soone effect it.

Gart. But for this present to forbeare this place,
Because my father is expected heere.

Ger. I am gone Lady.

Joyce. Doe you heare sir?

Ger. Did you call?

Joyce. Looke vp to the window.

Ger. What say you Gentlewoman?

Gart. Nay pray sir goe, it is my sister call's to hasten you.

Joyce. I call to speake with you, pray stay alittle.

Ger. The Gentlewoman has something to say to me.

Gart. She has nothing, I doe coniure you, as you loue me,
stay not.

Exit Joyce.

Ger. The power of Magick can not fasten me, I am gone.

Gart. Good sir, looke backe no more, what voice ere call
you,

Imagine, going from me, you were comming,
And vse the same speede, as you loue my safety. *Exit Ger.*

Wilde witted sister, I haue preuented you,

I will not haue my loue yet open'd to him,

By how much longer 'tis ere it be knowne,

By so much dearer 'twill be when 'tis purchast:

But I must vse my strength to stop her iourney,

For she will after him: and see, she comes;

Nay sister, you are at furdest.

Enter Joyce.

Joyce. Let me goe you were best, for if you wrastle with me
I shall throw you, passion, come backe, foole, louer, turne a-
gaine, and kisse your belly full;

For.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

For heere she is will stand you, doe your worst:
Will you let me goe?

Gart. Yes, if youle stay.

Joyce. If I stirre a foote, hang me, you shall come together
of your selues, and be naught, doe what you will, for if 'ere I
trouble my selfe againe, let me want help
In such a case when I need.

Gart. Nay but pre thee sister be not angry.

Joyce. I will be angry, vdsfoot, I cannot induse such foole-
rie, I, two bashfull fooles that would couple together, and yet
ha not the faces.

Gart. Nay pre thee sweete sister.

Joyce. Come, come, let me goe, birds that want the vse of
reason and speach, can couple together in one day, and yet you
that haue both, cannot conclude in twenty.

Gart. Why what good would it doe you to tell him?

Joyce. Doe not talke to me, for I am deafe to any thing you
say, goe weepe and crie.

Gart. Nay but sister.

Enter ambo.

Enter Staines, and a Drawer with wine.

Sta. Drawer, bid them make haste at home,
Tell them they are comming from church.

Dra. I will sir.

Exit Drawer.

Sta. That I should liue to be a seruing-man, a fellow which
scalds his mouth with another mans porridge, brings vp meat
for other mens bellies, and carries away the bones for his own,
changes his cleane trencier for a fowle one, and is glad of it,
and yet did I never liue so merry a life, when I was my masters
master, as now I doe, being man to my man, and I will stand
too't for all my former speeches, a seruing-man liues a better
life then his Master, and thus I proove it; the saying is, The
nearer the bone the sweeter the flesh: then must the seruing-
man needs eate the sweeter flesh, for hee alwayes pickes the
bones. And againe the Prouerb sayes, The deeper the sweeter:
There has the seruing-man the vantage againe, for hee drinks
full in the bottome of the pot, hee filleth his belly, and never

D a *askes*

Greenes Th Quoqe.

and what's to pay? weares broad-cloth, and yet dares walke
Watling-streete, without any feare of his Draper: and for his
clothes, they are according to the season, in the Summer hee
is apparetelled (for the most part) like the heauens, in blew, in
the winter, like the earth, in freeze.

Enter Bubble, sir Lyonell, and Long-field and Sprinckle.

But see, I am preuented in my Encomium,
I could haue maintained this theyme these two houres.

Lyon. Well, God rest his soule, hee's gone, and we must all
follow him

Bub. I, I, hee's gone sir Lyonell, hee's gone.

Lyonell. Why tho he be gone, what then? 'tis not you that
can fetch him againe, with all your cunning, it must bee your
comfort, that he died well.

Bub. Truly and to it is, I would to God I had eene another
yngkle that would die no worse; surely I shall weepe againe,
if I should find my handkercher.

Long. How now! what, are these onions?

Bub. I, I, sir Lyonell, they are my onions, I thought to haue
had them rostid this morning for my cold: *Germano* you haue
not wept to day, pray take your onions Gentlemen, the re-
membrance of death is sharpe, therefore there is a banquet
wirh in to sweeten your conceits: I pray walke in Gentlemen,
walke you in, you know I must needs be melancholie, and
keepe my Chamber, *Germano*, vsher them into the banquet.

Sta. I shall sir, please you sir *Lyonell*.

Gentlemen and Germano goe out.

Lyonell Well Master Bubble, wee're goe in and taste of your
bountie.

In the meane time, you must be of good cheere.

Bub. If griefe take not away my stomacke,
I will haue good cheere I warrant you *Sprinckle*.

Sprin. Sir.

Bub. Had the women puddings to their dole?

Sprin. Yes sir.

Bub. And how did they take them?

Sprin.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sprin. Why with their hands, how should they take v'm?

Bub. O thou *Herculis* of ignorance! I mean, how were they
sati-fied?

Sprin. By my troth sir, but so so, and yet some of them had
two.

Bub. O insatiable women! whom two puddings would not
sati-fie, but vanish *Sprinkel*; bide your fellow *Gernase* come
hither: *Exit Sprinkle.*

And off my mourning robes, grieve to the graue,
For I haue golde, and therefore will be braue:
In silkes I'le rattle it of every colour,
And when I goe by water, scorne a Sculler,
In blacke carnation veluet I will cloake me, *Enter Staines.*
And when men bid God saue mee, Cry *Tu quoque*:
It is needefull a Gentleman should speake Latine sometimes,
is it not *Gernase*?

Sta. O very graciefull sir, your most accomplish'd Gentle-
men are knowne by it.

Bub. Why then will I make vse of that little I haue,
Vpon tmes and occasions, heere *Gernase*, take this bag,
And runne presently to the Mercers, buy me seuen ells of horse
flesh colour'd taffata, nine yards of yellow satin, and eight
yards of orange tawney veluet; then runne to the Tailers, the
Haberdashers, the Sempsters, the Cutlers, the Perfumers, and
to all trades whatsoe'r that belong to the making vp of a Gen-
tleman; and amongst the rest, let not the Barber bee forgo-
ten: and looke that hee be an excellent fellow, and one that
can snacke his fingers with dexteritie.

Sta. I shall sicke you sir.

Bub. Doe so good *Gernase*, it is time my beard were cor-
rected, for it is growne so lawslie, as it beginnes to play with
my nose.

Staines. Your nose sir must indure it: for it is in part the fa-
shion.

Bub. Is it in fashion? why then my nose shall indure it, let
it tickle his worst.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sta. Why now y'are ith right sir, if you will be a true Gallant, you must beare things resolute, as this sir, if you be at an Ordinary, and chance to loose your money at play, you must not fret and fume, teare cardes, and fling away dice, as your ignorant gamster, or country-Gentleman does, but you must put on a calme temperate action, with a kind of careless smile, in contempt of Fortune, as not being able with all her engins to batter down one pecece of your estate, that your means may be thought invincible, neuer tell your mony, nor what you haue wonne, nor what you haue lost: if a question be made: your answer must be, what I haue lost, I haue lost, what I haue wonne, I haue wonne, a close heart and free hand, makes a man admired, a testerne or a shilling to a seruant that brings you a glasse of beere, bindes his hands to his lippes, you shall haue more seruice of him, then his Master, hee will be more humble to you, then a Cheater before a Magistrate.

Bub. *Gernase*, giue mee thy hand, I thinkethou hast more wit then I that am thy Master, and for this Speech onely, I doe here create thee my steward: I do long me thinkes to be at an Ordinary, to smile at Fortune, and to be bountifull: *Gernase* about your busynesse good *Gernase*, whilest I goe and meditate vpon a Gentleman-like behauour, I haue an excellent gate already *Gernase*, haue I not?

Sta. Hercules himselfe sir, had neuer a better gate.

Bub. But dispatch *Gernase*, the fatten and the veluet must be thought vpon, and the *Tu quoque* must not bee forgotten: for whensoeuer I giue Armes, that shall be my Motto. *Exit Bub.*

Sta. What a fortune had I throwne vpon me, when I preferred my selfe into this fellowes seruice! indeede I serue my selfe, and not him, for this Golde heire is mine owne truely purchased: he has credite, and shall runne ith booke for't, I'le carry things so cunningly, that he shall not be able to looke into my actions, my morgage I haue already got into my hands: the rest hee shal enioy a while, till his riot constraine him to sell it, which I will purchase with his owne money, I must cheate a little, I haue beeene cheated vpon, therefore I hope the

Greeches Tu Quoque.

the world will a little the better excuse mee, what his vncle
craftily got from me, I will knauishly recover of him, to come
by it, I must vary shapes, and my first shifft shall be in fassitt:
Protemp propitious be to my disguise,
And I shall prosper in my enterprise. Exit.

Enter Spendall, Purfener, and a boy with Rackets.

Spend. A Rubber sirra.

Boy. You shall sir.

Spend. And bid those two men you said would speak with
me, come in.

Boy. I will sir.

Exit Boy.

Spend. Did I not play this Sett well?

Enter Blancke and another.

Purf. Excellent well by *Phaeton*, by *Erebus*, it went as if it
had cut the Line.

Bla. God blesse you sir.

Spend. Master *Blanke*! welcome.

Bla. Here's the Gentlemans man sir has brought the mony.

Ser. Wilt please you tell sir?

Spend. Haue you the Bond ready master *Blanke*?

Bla. Yes sir.

Spend. Tis well, *Purfener*, help to tell —— 10. 11. 22..
What time haue you giuen?

Bla. The thirteenth of the next Month.

P

Spend. Tis well, here's light golde.

Ser. T'will be the lesse trouble some to carry.

Spend. You say well sir, how much haft thou tolde?

Purf. In golde and siluer here is twenty pounds.

Bla. Tis light *M. Spendall*, I'le warrant you.

Spend. I'le take your warrant sir, and tell no further, come
let me see the Condition of this Obligation.

Purf. A man may winne from him that cares not for't,
This royll *Cesar* doth regard no Cash,
Has throwne away as much in Duckes and Drakes,
As would haue bought some 50000 Capons.

Spend. Tis very well; so, lend me your penne.

Purf.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Parf. This is the Captaine of braue Citizens,
The Agamemnon of all merry Greeks,
A Stukely or a Sherley for his spirit,
Bounty and Royalty to men at armes.

Bla. You give this as your deed.

Spend. Mary do I sir.

Bla. Pleaseth this Gentleman to be a witnessse.

Spend. Yes Mary shall he, *Parfeson*, your hand.

Parf. My hand is at thy service, Noble *Brans*.

Spend. There's for your kindnessse master *Blanke*.

Bla. I thanke you sir.

Spend. For your paines.

Ser. I'le take my leue of you.

Spend. What, must you be gone too, master *Blanke*?

Bla. Yes indeede sir, I muft to the Exchange.

Spend. Farewell to both, *Parfeson*,

Take that twenty pounds, and giue it mistris *Sweatman*.

Bid her pay her Landlord and Apothecarie,

And let her Butcher and her Baker stay,

They're honest men, and I'le take order with them.

Parf. The Butcher and the Baker then shall stay.

Spend. They muft till I am somewhat stronger purft.

Parf. If this be all, I haue my errand perfect. *Exit Parf.*

Spend. Heere sirra, heere's for balls, there's for your selfe.

Boy. I thanke your worship.

Spend. Command me to your mistris. *Exit Spend.*

Boy. I will sir; in good faith 'tis the liberall'st Gentleman
that comes into our Court, why he cares no more for a shilling
then I doe for a box o'th care, God blesse him. *Exit.*

Enter Staines Gallant, Long-field and a Servant.

Sta. Sirra, what a clokke i'ft?

Ser. Past tenne sir.

Sta. Heere will not be a Gallant seene this houre.

Ser. Within this quarter sir, and leſſe, they meeete heere as
ſooone as at any Ordinary i'th towne.

Staines

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sra. Haft any Tobacco?

Ser. Yes sir.

Sra. Fill'.

Long. Why thou report'st miracles, things not to be beleaved: I protest to thee, had'st thou not vnrrip't thy selfe to me, I should never haue knowne thee.

Sra. I tell you true sir, I was so farre gone, that desperation knocked at mine elbow, and whispered newes to mee out of Barbarie.

Long. Well, I'm glad so good an occasion staid thee at home, And mai'st thou prosper in thy project, and goe on, With best successe of thy inuention.

Sra. False dice say Amen, for that's my induction, I do meane to cheate to day without respect of persons: When sawest thou *Will Raff*?

Long. This morning at his Chamber, heele be heere.

Sra. Why then doe thou giue him my naime and character, for my aime is wholy at my worshipfull Master.

Long. Nay thou shalt take another into him, one that laughs out his life in this Ordinary, thankes any man that winnes his money; all the while his money is loosing, he swarest by the crofle of this siluer, and when it is gone, hee changeth't to the hilts of his sword.

Enter Scatter-good and Nimmie-hammer.

Sra. He'e be an excellent coach-horse for my captaine.

Scat. Saeu you Gallants, saeu you.

Long. How think ye now? haue I not caru'd him out to you?

Sra. Th'ast lighted me into his heart, I see him throughly.

Scat. *Nimmie-hammer.* *Nim.* Sir.

Scat. Take my cloake and rapier also: I thinke it be early Gentlemen, what time doe you take it to be?

Sra. Inclining to eleven sir.

Scat. Inclining! a good word; I would it were inclining to twelue, for by my stomacke it should be high Noone: but what shall we doe Gallants? shall we to cardes, till our Company come?

Long. Please you sir.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Scat. Harry, fetch sir Cardes, me thinkes 'tis an vnseemely sight to see Gentlemen stand idle, please you to impart your smoake.

Long. Very willingly sir,

Scat. In good faith a pipe of excellent vapour.

Long. The best the house yeeldes.

Scat. Had you it in the house? I had thought it had beene your owne: 'tis not so good now as I tooke it to be: Come Gentlemen, what's your game?

Sta. Why Gleeke, that's your onely game.

Scat. Gleeke let it be, for I am perswaded I shall gleeke some of you; cut sir.

Long. What play we, twelue pence gleeke.

Scat. Twelue pence, a crowne & yds foote I will not spoile my memory for twelue pence.

Long. With all my heart.

Sta. Honnor.

Scat. What ist, Harts?

Sta. The King, what say you?

Long. You must speake sir.

Scat. Why I bid thirteene.

Sta. Foureteene.

Scat. Fifteene.

Sta. Sixteene.

Long. Sixteene, seuenteene.

Sta. You shal ha't for me.

Scat. Eighteene.

Long. Take it to you sir.

Scat. Veflid I'le not be out-braud.

Sta. I vie it.

Long. I'le none of it. Scat. Nor I.

Sta. Giue me a mournauall of faces, and a gleck of queens.

Long. And me a gleeke of knaues.

Scat. Veflid, I am gleck't this time. Enter Will Rafe.

Sta. Play.

Rafe. Equall fortunes befall you Gallants.

Scat. Will Rafe, well, I pray see what a vile game I haue

Rafe. What's your game, Gleeke?

Scat. Yes fau'ch, Gleeke, and I haue not one Court carde, but the knaue of Clubbes.

Rafe.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Rab. Thou haft a wilde hand indeed : thy small cardes shew like a troupe of rebelles , and the knaue of Clubbes their chiefe Leader.

Scar. And so they doe as God saue me, by the crosse of this siluer he sayes true. *Enter Spendall.*

Scar. Pray, play sir:

Lang. Honnor.

Rab. How goe the stockes Gentlemen, what's won or lost?

Scar. This is the first game.

Scar. Yes this is the first game , but by the crosse of this siluer heere's all of ffeue pounds.

Spend. Good day to you Gentlemen.

Rab. Francke, welcome by this hand, how doft lad?

Spend. And how doest thy wench yfaith.

Rab. Why fat and plump,

Like thy geldings : thou giu'ft them both good prouender
It seemes, go to, thou art one of the medd'ft wagges,
Of a Cittizen'ith towne , the whole company talkes of thee
already.

Spend. Talke, why let v m talke, vdsfoot I pay scot and lor,
and all manner of dueties else, as well as the best of v m : it may
be they vnderstand I keepe a whoore, a horse, and a kennell of
hownds, what's that to them ? no mans purse opens for't but
mine owne ; and so long, my hownds shall eate flesh, my horse
bread, and my whoore weare velvet.

Rab. Why there spoke a courageous Boy.

Spend. Vdsfoote, shal I be confin'd all the dayes of my life
to walke vnder a pent-house ? no, I'le take my pleasure whiles
my youth affords it.

Scar. By the crosse of these hilts , I'le never play at Glecke
againe, whilist I haue a nose on my face,
I'le tell the knauery of the game.

Spend. Why what's the matter? who has lost?

Scar. Mary that haue I , by the hiltes of my sword , I haue
lost forty crowns, in as small time almost, as while a man might
telit.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Spend. Change your Game for dice,
We are a full number for Nonnum.

Scatt. With all my heart, where's M. Ambroſe the Broaker
Nimni-hammer?

Nim. Sir.

Scat. Go to M. Ambroſe, and bid him send me twenty marks
upon this Diamond. Enter Bubble.

Nim. I will sir.

Long. Look you (to make vs the merrier) who comes here.

Rab. A fresh Gamster, M. Bubble, God ſave you.

Bub. Tu quoque ſir.

Spend. God ſave you Maifter Bubble.

Bub. Tu quoque.

Sta. ſave you ſir.

Bub. Et tu quoque.

Long. Good maifter Bubble

Bub. Et tu quoque.

Scatt. Is your name Maifter Bubble?

Bub. Maifter Bubble is my name, ſir.

Scat. God ſave you ſir.

Bub. Et tu quoque.

Scat. I would be better acquainted with you.

Bub. And I with you.

Scat. Pray let vs ſalute againe.

Bub. With all my heart ſir.

Long. Behold yonder the oke and the Iuy how they imbrace.

Rab. Excellent acquaintance, they ſhall be the Gemini.

Bub. Shall I deſire your name ſir?

Scat. Maifter Scattergood.

Bub. Of the Scattergoods of London?

Scat. Noindeed ſir, of the Scattergoods of Hampshire.

Bub. Good Maifter Scattergood.

Sta. Come Gentlemen, heere's dice.

Scat. Please you aduance to the Table?

Bub. No indeede ſir.

Scatt. Pray will you goe?

Bub.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Buk. I will goe fir over the whole world for your sake,
But in curteisie I will not budge a foote. *Enter Nymibanner.*

Nim. Heere is the Cash you sent me for, and master Raſſ,
Heere is a Letter from one of your sisters,

Spend. I have the dice, set Gentlemen.

Long. From which filter?

Rash. From the mad-cap, I know by the hand.

Spent. For me, six.

Omnes. And six that.

Sta. Nine; 1,2,3,4,5,6,7, and 8: eighteen shillings.

Spend. What's yours sir?

Seas. Mine's a Bakers dozen; master *Bubble* tel your mony.

Bab. In good faith I am but a simple Gambler, and do not know what to do.

Seas. Why you must tell your money, and he'll pay you.

Bab. My mony! I do know how much my mony is, but he shall not payne, I haue a better conscience then so: what for throwing the dice twice, yfaith he shoulde haue but a hard bargaine of it.

Rash. Witty rascall, I must needes away.

Long. Why what's the matter?

Rab. Why the lovers can not agree, thou shalt along with me, and know all.

Long. But first let me instruct thee in the condition of this Gentleman, whom dost thou take him to be?

Kath. Nay, hee's a stranger, I know him not.

Long. By this light but you doe, if his beard were off, 'tis
Strained.

Rash. The diuell it is as soone : and what's his purpose in this disguise ?

Long. Why cheating, doe you not see how he playes vpon his worshipfull Maister, and the rest.

Rash. By my faith he drawes apace.

Spend. A pox upon these dice, giue's a fresh bale.

Bubb. Haha, the dice are not to be blamed, a man may per-

Greenes Ta Quoque.

eeue this is no Gentlemanly gamster, by his chafing : do you
heare, my friend, fill me a glasse of beere, and ther's a shilling
for your paines.

Dra. Your worship shall sir.

Rab. Why how now *Franks*, what hast lost?

Spend. Fifteene pounds and vpwards : is there never an ho-
nest tellow.

Amb. What, doe you lacke money sir?

Spend. Yes, canst furn. sh me?

Amb. Vpon a sufficient pawne sir.

Spend. You know my shop, bid my man deliuer you a piece
of three pile veluet, and let me haue as much money as you
dare aduenture vpon't.

Amb. You shall sir.

Spend. A pox of this lucke, it will not last euer:

Play sir, I'le let you.

Rab. *Franks*, better fortune besa'l thee: and *Gentlemen*, I
must take my leaue, for I must leaue you.

Seas. Must you needles be gone?

Rab. Indeede I must.

Bub. Et tu quoque! *Long.* Yes truely.

Seas. At your discretions *Gentlemen*.

Rab. Farewell. *Exeunt Rab & Long.*

Sta. Cry you mercy sir, I am chanc'd with you all *Gentle-
men*: heere I haue 7, heere 7, and heere 10.

Spend. Tis right sir, and ten that.

Bub. And nine that.

Sta. Two fives at all. *Drawes all.*

Bub. One and fife that.

Spend. Vint, and can a suite of Satin cheate so grossly?
By this light there's nought on one die but fives and sixes,
I must not be thus guil'd.

Bub. Come: Master *Spendall*, set.

Spend. No sir, I haue done.

Seas. Why then let vs all leaue, for I thinke dinner's neare
ready.

Seas.

Greenes Tu Quoques.

Dra. Your meat's vpon the Table.

Scat. O the Table! come Gentlemen, we do our stomackes wrong: *M. Bubble*, what haue you lost?

Bub. That's no matter, what I haue lost, I haue lost; nor can I chuse but smile at the foolishnes of the dice.

Sra. I am but your steward Gentlemen, for after dinner I may restore it againe.

Bub. M. Scatter-good, will you walke in?

Scat. I'le wait vpon you sir, come Gentlemen, will you follow? *Exit: manent Spendall & S. anes.*

Sra. Yes sir, I'le follow you. *Spen.* Hearre you sir, a word,

Sra. Ten if you please.

Spend. I haue lost fifteene pounds.

Sra. And I haue found it.

Spend. You say right, found it you haue indeed, But never wonne it: doe you know this die?

Sra. Not I sir.

Spend. You seeme a Gentleman, and you may perceiue I haue some respect vnto your credite, To take you thus aside, will you restore What you ha drawne from me vnlawfully?

Sra. Sirra, by your out-side you seeme a cittizen, Whose Cockef-comb, I were apt enough to breake, But for the Lawe; goe y'are a prating Jacke, Nor 'ist your hopes, of crying out for clubbes, Can save you from my chasflement, if once You shall but dare to utter this againe.

Spend. You lie, you dare not.

Sra. Lie! nay villaine, now thou temptest me to thy death.

Spend. So'r, you must buy it dearer, The b'st bloud flowes within you is the price.

Sra. Darst thou refist, thou art no Cittizen.

Spend. I am a Cittizen.

Sra. Say thou arte a Gentleman, and I am satisfied, For then I know thou'l answ'r me in field.

Spend. Ile say directly what I am, a Citizen,

And

Greenes Tu Quoque.

And I will meeete thee in the field as fairely
As the best Gentleman that weares a sword.

Sta. I accept it, the meeting place.

Spend. Beyond the Maze in Tutte.

Sta. What weapon?

Spend. Single rapier.

Sta. The time.

Spend. To morrow.

Sta. The hour.

Spend. Twixt nine and ten.

Sta. Tis good, I shall expect you, farewell. *Ex. omnes.*

Spend. Farewell sir.

Enter Will Rafe, Long-field, and Joyce.

Rafe. Why I commend thee Gerle, thou speakest as thou
thinkst, thy tongue and thy heart are Relatiues, and thou were
not my sister, I should at this time fall in loue with thee.

Joyce. You shoule noe need, for and you were not my bro-
ther, I shoule fall in loue with you, for I loue a proper man
with my heart, and so does all the Sex of vs, let my sister dissem-
ble never so much, I am out of charity wch these nice and sque-
mish tricks, we were borne for men, and men for vs, and wee
must together.

Rafe. This same plaine dealing is a Iewell in thee.

Joyce. And let mee enjoy that Iewell, for I loue plaine deal-
ing with my heart.

Rafe. Tha't a good wench yfaith, I shoule never be asha-
med to call thee sister, though thou shouleſt marry a Broome-
man: but your louer me thinkes is ouer tedious.

Enter Geraldine.

Joyce. No, looke ye sir, could your wish a man to come better
vpon his q, let ys withdraw.

Rafe. Close, close, for the prosecution of the plot, wench,
See he prepares.

Joyce. Silence.

Gerald. The Sunne is yet wrapt in Aurora's armes,
And lull'd with her delight, forgets his creatures:

Awake

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Awake thou god of heate,
I call thee vp, and taske thee for thy flownesse;
Poynt all thy beames through yonder flaring glasse;
And raise a beauty brighter then thy selfe; *Musick.*
Musitions, giue to each Instrument a tongue,
To breathe sweete musicke in the eares of her
To whom I send it as a messenger. *Enter Garrick aloft.*

Garr. Sir, your musicke is so good, that I must say I like it;
but the Bringer so ill welcome, that I could be content to loose
it: if you plaid for mony, there 'tis; if for loue, heere's none;
if for goodwill, I thanke you, and when you will you may be
gone,

Ger. Leaue me not intranc'd: sing not my death,
Thy voyce is able to make Satires tame,
And call rough windes to her obedience.

Garr. Sir, sir, our eares itch not for flattery, heere you be-
siege my window, that I dare not put forth my selfe to take the
gentle Ayre, but you are in the fieldes, and volley out your
woes, your plaints, your loues, your iniuries.

Ger. Since you haue heard, and know them, giue redresse,
True beauty never yet was mercilesse.

Garr. Sir, rest thus satisfied, my minde was never woman,
neuer alter'd, nor shall it now beginnes:
So fare you well. *Exit Garr.*

Rab. Sfoot, she playes the terrible tyrannizing *Tamberlaine*
ouer him, this it is to turne Turke, from a most absolute com-
plete Gentleman, to a most absurd ridiculous and fond lou-
uer.

Long. Oh, when a woman knowes the power and authori-
tie of her eie.

Joye. Fie vpon her, shee's good for nothing then, no more
then a iade that knowes his owne strength: The windowe is
clasped, now brother, pursue your project, and deliuer your
friend from the tyranny of my domineering sister.

Rab. Doe you heare, you drunkard in loue, come in to

Greenes Tu Quoque.

as and be ruled, you woul'd little thinke, that the wench that talked so flourily out of the window there, is more inamored on thee then thou on her: nay, looke you now, see if hee turne not away slighting our good cou'cell: I am no Christioun if shee doe not sigh, whine, and grow sicke for thee: looke you sir, I will bring you in good witnesse against her.

Joyce. Sir, y'are my brothers friend, and I'le be plaine with you, you doe not take the course to winne my sister, but indirectly goe about the bush: you come and fiddle heere, and keepe a coile in verse: holde off your hatte, and beg to kisse her hand, which makes her proud. But to bee short, in two lines thus it is:

Who most doth loue, must seeme most to neglect it,
For those that shew most loue, are least respected.

Long. A good obseruation by my faith.

Rafh. Well this instruction comes too late now,
Stand you close, and let me prosecute my inuention,
Sister, O sister, wake, arise sister.

Enter Gartred above.

Gart. How now brother, why call you with such terrour?

Rafh. How can you sleepe so sound, and heare such groanes,
So horride and so tedious to the eare,
That I was frighted hither by the sound?
O sister, heere lies a Gentleman that lou'd you too deereley,
And himselfe too ill, as by his death appears,
I can report no further without teares;
Assist me now.

Long. When he came first, death startled in his eyes,
His hand had not forsooke the dagger hilt,
But still he gaue it strength, as if he feard
He had not sent it home vnto his heart.

Gart. Enough, enough,
If you will haue me liue, giue him no name,
Suspition tells me 'tis my *Geraldine*:
But be it whom it will, I'le come to him.

To

Greenes Tu Quoque.

To suffer death as resolute as he. *Exit Gart.*

Raf. Did not I tell you 'twould take, downe fir downe.

Ger. I gheffe what y'ould haue me doe.

Long. O for a little blood to besprinkle him.

Raf. No matter for blood, I'le not suffer her to come neare him, till the plot haue tane his full height.

Ger. A scarfe ore my face, lest I betray my selfe.

Enter Gartred belowe.

Raf. Heere, heere, lie still, she comes,
Now *Mersurise*, be propitious.

Gart. Where lies this spectacle of blood?
This tragike Seeane.

Raf. Yonder lies *Geraldine*.

Gart. O let me see him with his face of death!
Why doe you stey me from my *Geraldine*?

Raf. Because, vnworthy as thou art, thou shalt not see
The man now dead, whom liuing thou didst scorne,
The worst part that he had, deseru'd thy best,
But yet contemn'd, deluded, mock'd, despisde by you,
Vnfit for aught but for the generall marke
Which you were made for, mans creation.

Gart. Burft not my heart before I see my Loue,
Brother, vpon my knees I begge your leave,
That I may see the wound of *Geraldine*,
I will embalme his body with my teares,
And carry him vnto his sepulcher,
From whence I'le never rise, but be interr'd
In the same dust he shal be buried in.

Long. I doe protest shee drawes sad teares from me,
I pre thee let her see her *Geraldine*.

Gart. Brother, if e're you lou'd me as a sister,
Depriue me not the sight of *Geraldine*.

Raf. Well, I am contented you shal touch his lippes,
But neither see his face nor yet his wound,

Gart. Not see his face?

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Raf. Nay, I haue sworne it to the contrary:
Nay, harke you further yet.

Gart. What now?
Raf. But one kisse, no more.

Gart. Why then no more.
Raf. Marry this liberty I'le giue you,
If you intend to make any speach of repentance
Ouer him, I am content, so be short.

Gart. What you command is Law, and I obey.

Joyce. Peace, giue eare to the passion.

Gart. Before I touch thy body, I implore
Thy discontented ghost to be appeadfe :
Send not vnto me till I come my selfe :
Then shalt thou know how much I honor'd thee.
O see the colour of his corall lippe!
Which in despight of death liues full and fresh,
As when he was the beauty of his Sex :
Twere sinne worthy the worst of plagues to leau thee :
Not all the strength and pollicie of man
Shall snatch me from thy bosome.

Long. Looke, looke, I thinke shee'l rauish him.
Raf. Why how now sister?

Gart. Shall we haue both one graue? here I am chain'd,
Thunder nor Earthquakes shall shake me off.

Raf. No? I'le try that, come dead man, awake, vp with your
bag and baggage, and let's haue no more fooling.

Gart. And liue's my *Geraldine*!

Raf. Liue? faith I,
Why should he not? he was never dead,
That I know on.

Ger. It is no wonder *Geraldine* should liue,
Tho he had emptied all his vitall spirites,
The Lute of *Orpheus* spake not halfe so sweete,
When he descended to th' infernall vaults,
To fetch againe his faire *Euridice*,
As did thy sweete voyce to *Geraldine*.

Gart.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Gart. I'le exercise that voyce, since it doth please
My better selfe, my constant *Geraldine*.

Joyce. Why lo lo, heere's an end of an old Song,
Why could not this haue beeene done before

I pray?

Gart. O y'are a goodly sister, this is your plot:
Well, I shall liue one day to requite you.

Joyce. Spare me not, for wherefoever I set my affection, al-
though it be vpon a Colliar, if I fall backe, vntesse it bee in the
right kinde, binde mee to a stake, and let mee be burned to
death with char-coale.

Rab. Well, thou art a mad wench, and there's no more to
be done at this time, but as wee brought you together, so to
part you, you must not lie at racking and manger: there be those
within, that will forbid the banes, Time must shake good For-
tune by the hand, before you two must be great, specially you
sister; come leue swearing.

Gart. Must we then part?

Rab. Must you part? why how thinke you? vdsfoote, I do
thinke we shall haue as much to do to get her from him, as we
had to bring her to him: this loue of women is of a straoge
qualitie, and has more trickes then a Juggler.

Gart. But this, and then farewell.

Gerr. Thy company is heauen, thy absence hell.

Rab. Lord who'l thinke it?

Joyce. Come wench.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Spendall, and Staines.

Spend. This ground is firme and even, I'le goe no further.

Sta. This be the place then, and prepare you sir,
You shall haue faire play for your life of me,
For looke sir, I'le be open breasted to you.

Spend. Shame light on him that thinkes his safety lieth in a
French doublet.

Nay I would stripp my selfe, would comelineste

Greenes Tu Quoque.

- Give sufferance to the deed, and fight with thee,
As naked as a Mauritanian Moore.

Sta. Give me thy hand, by my heart I loue thee,
Thou art the highest spirited Citizen,
Tha' euer Guild-hall tooke notice of.

Spend. Talke not what I am, vntill you haue tried me.

Sta. Come on sir. *They fight.*

Spend. Now sir, your life is mine.

Sta. Why then take it, for I'le not begge it of thee.

Spend. Nobly resolu'd, I loue thee for those words,
Heere take thy armes againe, and if thy malice
Haue spent it selfe like mine, then let vs part
More friendly then we met at first encounter.

Sta. Sir, I accept this gift of you, but not your friendship,
Vntill I shall recover't with my honour.

Spend. Will you fight againe then?

Sta. Yes.

Spend. Faith thou doft well then, iustly to whip my folly.
But come sir.

Sta. Hold, y'are hurt I take it.

Spend. Hurrt! where? zowndz I feele it not.

Sta. You bleed I am sure.

Spend. Sblood, I thinke you weare a cattes claw vpon your
Rapiers point,
I am scratcht indeed, but small as 'tis,
I must haue blood for blood.

Sta. Y'are bent to kill I see.

Spend. No by my hopes, if I can scape that sinne,
And keepe my good name, I'le never offer't.

Sta. Well sir, your worst.

Spend. We both bleed now I take it,
And if the motion may be equall thought,
To part with clasp'd hands : I shall first subscribe.

Sta. It were womanlinesse in me to refuse
The safety of vs both, my hand shall never fall
From such a charitable motion.

Spend.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

*Spir. Then joyne we both, and heere our malice ends,
Tho foes we came to th field, wee'l depart trends.* *Exeunt.*

Enter sir Lyonell and a Servant.

Lyon. Come, come, follow me knaue, follow me, I haue the best nose 'ith house, I thinke, either wee shall haue rainie wea-ther, or the vaults vntop'd : serra, goe see, I would not haue my guesse smell out any such incouuenience : Doe you heare serra Symon?

Ser. Sir.

Lyon. Bid the Kitchin-maide skowre the fincke, and make cleane her backe-side, for the wind lies iust vpon't.

Ser. I will sir.

Lyon. And bid *Aurhonia* put on his white fustian doublet, for hee must wait to day : It doth mee so much good to stirre and talke, to place this, and displace that, that I shall neede no Apothecaries prescriptions, I haue sent my daughter this morning as farre as Pimliko to fetch a draught of Darby ale, that it may fetch a colour in her cheeke, the puling harlotrie looks so pale, and it is all for want of a man, for so their mother would say, God rest her soule, before she died. *Exit Servant.*

Enter Bubble, Scattergood, and Strainis.

Ser. Sir, the Gentlemen are come already.

Lyon. How knaue, the Gentlemen !

Ser. Yes sir, yonder they are.

Lyonell. Gods pretious, we are too tardie, let one be sent presently to meeete the gerles, and halsten their comming home quickeley : how doſt thou stand dreaming ? Gentlemen, I ſee you loue me, you are carefull of your houre ; you may be deuiued in your cheare, but not in your welcome.

Bub. Thankes, and *Tu quoque* is a word for all.

Scatterg. A pretty concise roome : Sir *Lyonell*, where are your daughters ?

Lyon. They are at your ſervice sir, and forth comming.

Bub. Gods will *Gernafe* ! how ſhall I behaue my ſelue to the Gentlewomen ?

Spir.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sta. Why aduance your selfe toward them, with a comely sleppe, and in your salute, be carefull you strike not too high, nor too lowe, and afterward for your discourse, your *Tu quoque* will beare you out.

Bub. Nay, and that be all, I care not, for I'le set a good face on't, that's flat: and for my weather parts, let them speake for themselves: here's a legge, and euer a Baker in England shew me a better, I'le give him mine for nothing.

Sta. O that's a speciall thing that I must caution you of.

Bub. What sweete *Gernafel*!

Sta. Why for commanding your selfe, neuer whilest you live commend your selfe: and then you shall haue the Ladies themselves commend you.

Bub. I would they would else.

Sta. Why they will I'le assure you sir, and the more vilely you speake of your selfe, the more will they striue to collaud you.

Enter Gartred and Joyce.

Bub. Let me alone to dispraise my selfe, I'le make my selfe the arrantest Cockef-combe within a whole Countrey.

Lyonell. Heere come the Gipsies, the Sunne-burn'd gertles, Whose beauties will not vter them alone, They must haue bagges although my credite cracke for't.

Bub. Is this the eldest sir?

Lyonell. Yes marry is she sir.

Bub. I'le kisse the yongest first, because she likes me best.

Sta. Marry sir, and whilest you are there, I'le be heere: O delicious touch! I thinke in conscience Her lippes are lined quite through with Orenge Tawny veler.

Bub. They kisse exceeding well, I doe not thinke but they haue beene brought vp too't, I will beginne to her like a Gentleman in a set speech: Faire Ladie, shall I speake a word with you?

Joyce. With me sir?

Bub.

Greenes Tu quoque.

Bub. With you Lady,—this way,—a litle more,—
So now tis well, vrnh —

Euen as a Drummer,— or a Pewterer.

Joy. Which of the two no matter,
For one beates on a Drumme, tother a Platter.

Bub. In good fayth sweet Lady you say true,
But pray marke me further, I will begin againe.

Joy. I pray Sir doe.

Bub. Euen as a Drummer, as I sayd before,—
Or as a Pewterer.

Joy. Very good Sir.

Bub. Doo—doo—doo.

Joy. What doe they doo?

Bub. By my troth Lady, I doe not know : for to say truth,
I am a kind of an Aſſe.

Joy. How Sir, an Aſſe?

Bub. Yes indeed Lady.

Joy. Nay that you are not.

Bub. So God ha mee, I am Lady : you never saw
an arranter Aſſe in your life.

Joy. Why heer's a Gentleman your friend, will not say fo.

Bub. Yfayth but he shall : How say you Sir,
Am not I an Aſſe?

Scars. Yes by my troth Lady is he : Why Ile say any thing
my brother Bubble sayes.

Gars. Is this the man my Father choose for mee,
to make a Husband of? O God, how blind
are parents in our loues : so they haue weath,
they care not to what thinges they marry vs.

Bub. Pray looke vpon mee Lady.

Joy. So I doe Sir.

Bub. I but looke vpon mee well, and tell mee if you euer
saw any man looke so scurlyng, as I doe?

Joy. The fellow sure is frantique.

Bub. You doe not marke mee?

Joy. Yes indeed Sir.

G.

Bub.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Bub. I but looke vpon mee well:

Did you euer see a worse timberd Legge?

Joy. By my fayth tis a pretty fowre square Legge.

Bub. I but your fowre square Legges are none of the best,
Oh! *Iarnis, Iarnis.*

Sta. Excellent well sir.

Bub. What lay you now to mee Lady, can you find
ere a good inch about mee?

Joy. Yes that I can sir.

Bub. Find it, and take it sweete Lady:
There I thinke I bobd her, *Iarnis?*

Joy. Well sir, disparadge not your selfe so: for if you were
The man you'd make your selfe; yet out of your
Behaviour and discourse, I could find cause enough
To loue you.

Bub. Augh! now shee comes to mee: My behaviour; alas,
alas, tis clownically; and my discourse is very bald, bald:
You shall not heare mee breake a good Ieast
in a twelve month.

Joy. No sir? why now you breake a good Ieast.

Bub. No, I want the *Boone Ioure*, and the *Tu quoques*,
Which yonder Gentleman has: Ther's a bob for him too:
There's a Gentleman, and you talke of a Gentleman?

Joy. Who hee? hee's a Coxcombe indeed.

Bub. We are sworne Brothers in good fayth Lady.

Enter Servant.

Scatt. Yes in truth wee are sworne Brothers, and do meane
to goe both alike, and to haue Horses alike.

Joy. And they shall be sworne Brothers too?

Scatt. If it please them, Lady.

Ser. M. *Ballance*, the Goldsmith desires to speake with you.

Lyo. Bid him come, knaue.

Scatt. I woondre (Sir *Lyonell*) your sonne *Will Raſſ* is not
heere?

Lyo. Is hee of your acquaintance, sir?

Scatt. O very familiar; hee strooke mee a boxe on the-ear
once,

Greenes Tu quoque.

once, and from thence grew my loue to him.

Enter Ballance.

Lyo. It was a signe of vertue in you sir; but heele be heere
at dinner. Maister Ballance, what makes you so strange?
Come, you're welcome: what's the Newes?

Ball. Why sir, the old Newes: your man *Francis* roys still,
And little hope of thrifte there is in him;
Therefore I come to advise your Worshipp,
To take some order whilste there's something left,
The better part of his best Ware's consumd.

Lyo. Speake softly Maister Ballance.
But is there no hope of his recoverie?

Ball. None at all sir; for hees already layd to be arrested by
some that I know.

Lyo. Well, I doe suffer for him, and am loath
Indeed to doe, what I am constraind to doe:
Well sir, I meane to ceaze on what is left,
And harke you one word more.

Lyo. What hay nouis sinne has yonder man committed,
To haue so great a punishment, as waite
vpon the humors of an idle Foole:
A very proper Fellow, good Legge, good Face,
A Body well proportiond: but his minde
Bewrayes he never came of Generous kinde.

Enter Will Rafe and Gerakline.

Lyo. Goe to, no more of this at this time.
What sir, are you com:?

Rafe. Yes sir, and haue made bold to bring a Guest along.

Lyo. Maister Geraldmes sonne of Essex?

Ger. The same sir.

Lyo. Ye're welcom sir, when wil your Father be in towne?

Ger. T'will not be long, sir.

Lyo. I shall be glad to see him when he comes.

Ger. I thank you sir.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Lyo. In the meane time you're welcome; pray be not strange,
Ile leave my Sonne amongst you Gentlemen,
I haue some busines : harke you *M. Ballance*,
Dinner will soone be readie; one word more. *Exit Lyo. & Bal.*

Raf. And how does my little *Afimus* and his *Tu quoque* here?
Oh you pretty sweet-fac'd rogues, that for your countenances
might be *Alexander* and *Lothmicke*: What sayes the old man to
you? wil't be a match? shall wee call Brothers?

Scatt. Ifayth with all my heart, if Mistris *Gartred* will,
wee will be married to morrow.

Bub. S'tott, if Mistris *Joyce* will, wee'll be married to night.

Kaf. Why you courageous Boyes, and worthy Wenches,
made out of Waxe. But what shall's doe when wee haue
dinde, shall's goe see a Play?

Scatt. Yes sayth Brother: if it please you, let's goe see
a Play at the Gloabe.

Bub. I care not, any whither, so the Clowne haue a part:
For Ifayth I am no body without a Foole.

Ger. Why then wee'll goe to the Red Bull; they say *Greene's*
a good Clowne.

Bub. Greene? Greene's an Ass.

Scatt. Wherefore doe you say so?

Bub. Indeed I ha no reason: for they say, hee is as like mee
as euer hee can looke.

Scatt. Well then, to the Bull.

Raf. A good resolution, continue it: nay on?

Bub. Not before the Gentlewomen; not I never.

Raf. O while you liue, men before women:
Custome hath plac'd it so.

Bub. Why then Custome is not so mannerly, as I would be.

Raf. Farewell *M. Scatter-good*: Come Louer, you're too
busie heere, I must tutor yee: Cast not your eye at the table on
each other, my Father will spie you without Spectacles,
Hee is a shrewd obseruer: doe you heare mee?

Ger. Very well sir.

Raf. Come then go wee togeather, let the Wenches alone.

Dec

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Doe you see yonder fellow?

Gerr. Yes: prethee what is hee?

Rafb. Ile gue you him within, he must not now be thought
on: but you shall know him. *Exit Rafb. & Gerald.*

Gart. I have obseru'd my sister, and her eye
Is much inquisitive after yond fellow;
Shee has examin'd him from head to foot:
Ile stay and see the issue.

Joy. To wrastle agaist the streme of our Affection,
Is to strike Ayre, or buffet with the Winde,
That playes vpon vs: I have striu'd to cast
This fellow from my thoughts, but still he growes
More comely in my sight; yet a slauie
Vnto one worse condition'd then a Slauie:
They are all gone, heer's none but hee, and I,
Now I will speake to him: and yet I will not.
Oh! I wrong my selfe, I will supprese
That insurrection *Love* hath traind in mee,
And leaue him as he is: once in, bold spirits
Had vowed to vtter all my thoughts to him
On whom I settled my affection:
And why retyres it now?

Sta. Fight *Love* on both sides; for on mee thou strik'st
Strokes that hath beat my heart into a flame:
She hath sent amorous glaunces from her eye:
Which I haue backe returnd as faythfully.
I would make to her, but these tenuile Roabes,
Curbes that suggestion, till some fitter time
Shall bring mee more pertwadingly vnto her.

Joy. I wonder why he stayes; I feare hee notes mee,
For I haue publiquely betray de my selfe,
By too much gazing on him; I will leaue him.

Gart. But you shall not; Ile make you speake to him
Before you goe. Doe you haire sist?

Joy. What meane you sister?

Gart. To fit you in your kind, sister: doe you remember

Greenes Tu Quoque.

How you once tyranizd ouer mee?

Joy. Nay prethee leaue this iefling,

I am out of the vaine.

Gart. I, but I am in : goe speake to your Louer.

Joy. He first be buried quicke.

Gart. How,ashamde? S'fott Itro, if I had set my affection on a Collier, Ide nere fall backe, vnlesse it were in the right kind : if I did, let mee be tyed to a Stake, and burnt to death with Charcole.

Joy. Nay then wee shall hate.

Gart. Yes marry shall you. Sister, will you speake to him:

Joy. No.

Gart. Doe you heare sir? heer's a Gentlewoman would speake with you.

Joy. Why Sister, I pray Sister.

Gart. One that loues you with all her heart,
Yet is ashamed to confessie it.

Sister. Did you call, Ladyes?

Joy. No sir, heer's no one cald.

Gart. Yes sir twas I, I cald to speake with yow.

Joy. My Sister's somewhat frantique ; there's no regard to be had vnto her clamors : Will you yet leaue?
In fayth you leaue me.

Gart. Passion : Come backe foole louer, turne againe and kifte your belly full, heer's one will stand yee.

Sister. What does this meane troe?

Joy. Yes, is your humors spent?

Gart. Come let me goe, Birds that want the vse of Reason and of Speech, can couple together in one day ;
And yet you that haue both, cannot conclude in twentie :
now Sister I am even with you, my venome is spit, (mine :
As much happiness may you enjoy with your louer as I with
And droope not wench, nor never be ashamed of him,
The man will serue the turne, though he be wrapt
In a biew Coate, He warrant him, come.

Joy. You're merrely disposed, Sister. Exit Wench.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sra. I needs must prosper, Fortune & Loue worke for mee.
Be moderate my loyes, for as you grow to your full height,
So Bubbles waxeth low.

Exe.

Enter Spendall, a sweatman, and Ticklerman.

Tick. Will my tweete Spendall be gone then?

Spend. I must vpon promise; but Ile be heere at supper:
Therefore Mistris Streetman, prouide vs some good cheare.

Sweat. The best the Market will yeeld.

Spend. Heer's twentie shillings; I protest I haue left my selfe
but a Crowne, for my spending mony: for indeed I intend to
be frugall, and turne good husband.

Tick. I marry will you, youle to play againe, & loose your
Monie and fall to fighting; my very heart trembles to thinke
on it: how if you had been kild in the quarrell, of my fayth
I had been but a dead woman.

Spen. Come, come, no more of this; thou dost but dissemble.

Tick. Dissemble? do not you say so; for if you doe,
Gods my judge Ile giue my selfe a gash.

Spend. Away, away, prethee no more: farewell.

Tick. Nay busie first: Well,
There's no aduersitie in the world shal part vs.

Enter Sergtans.

Spend. Thou art a louing Rascall; farewell.

Sweat. You will not fayle supper?

Spend. You haue my word; farewell.

1. Ser. Sir, wee arrest you.

Spend. Arrest mee, at whose suite?

2. Ser. Marry there's suites enough against you,
Ile warrant you.

1. Ser. Come, away with him.

Spend. Stay, heare mee a word.

2. Ser. What doe you say?

Enter

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Enter Pursser.

Tick. How now Pursser, why com'st in such haste?

Purss. Shut vp your doores, and barre young Spendall out,
And let him be callicard your companie,
He is turnd Banquerout, his wares are ceazd on,
And his shop shut vp.

Tick. How, his wares ceazd on? thou dost but iest, I hope.

Purss. What this tongue doth report, these eyes haue seene,
It is no *Esops* fable that I tell,
But it is true, as I am faythfull Pander.

Sweat. Nay I did ever thinke the prodigall would proue
A Banquerout; but hang him, let him rott
In prison, he comes no more within these doores
I warrant him.

Tick. Come hither, I would he would but offer it,
Weele fier him out with a pox to him.

Spend. Will you doe it,
To carrie me to prison, but vndoies me? (lings.)
1. *Sar.* What say you fellow Gripe, shall we take his 40 shillings.
2. *Sar.* Yes fayth, we shall haue him againe within this weeke.
1. *Sar.* Well Sir, your 40 shillings? and weele haue some compassion on you.

Spend. Will you but walke with me vnto that house,
And there you shall receaue it.

Sar. What, where the women are?

Spend. Yes sir.

Sweat. Looke yonder, if the vngratings rascall be not comming hither,
Betwixt two Sargiantes: he thinkes belike,
That weele relieue him, let vs goe in,
And clap the doores against him.

Purss. It is the best course Mistres Ticklemane?

Tick. But I say no, you shall not stirre a foote,
For I will talke with him,

Spend. Now, I am come
Euen in the Minute that thou didst professe

Kind-

Greenes Tu quoque.

Kindnesse vnto mee, to make tryall of it,
Aduersitie thou Sees layes hands vpon mee,
But Fortie shillings will deliuer mee,
Tick. Why you Impudent Rogue, do you come to me for
Mony?

Or do I know you? what acquaintance pray,
Hathauer past betwixt your selfe and mee?
Sar. Zounds do you mocke vs, to bring vs to these women
that do not know you?

Sweat. Yes in good Sooth, (Officers I take't you're)
Hee's a meere stranger heere: onely in charitie,
Sometimes we haue relieved him with a meale.

Spend. This is not earnest in you? Come, I know
My guistes and bountie cannot be soone buried:
Goe prethee fetch Fourtie shillings?

Tick. Take not to mee (you flau) of Fourtie shillings;
For by this light that shines, aske it againe,
Ile send my Knife of an earrand in your Guttes:
A shamelesse Rogue to come to mee for Money?

Sweat. Is he your Prisoner, Gentlemen?

Sar. Yes marry is hee.
Sweat. Pray carry him then to Prison, let him smart for't,
Perhaps twill tame the wildnesse of his youth,
And teach him how to lead a better life:
Hee had good counsell heere, I can assure you,
And if a wold a tooke it.

Purff. I told him still my selfe, what would infew.

Spend. Furies breake loose in mee: Sargeants, let me goe, Ile
give you all I haue, to purchase freedome but for a lightning
while, to teare yond Whore, Baud, Pander, and in them, the
Diuell: for there's his Hell, has habitation; nor has hee any
other locall place.

Takes Spendals Cloake.

Sar. No sir, weele take no Bribes.

Spend. Honest Sargeants, give me leau to vnlade
A heart ore-charged with griefe; as I haue a soule,
Ile not breake from you.

H.

Thou

Greenes Th Quque.

Thou Strumpet, that wert borne to ruine men,
My fame, and fortune : be subiect to my Curse,
And heare mee speake it : Mayst thou in thy youth,
Feele the sharpe Whippes ; and in thy Beldame age,
The Cart : when thou art growne to bee
An old Vpholster vnto yenerie,
(A Bawd I meane, to liue by Fether-beds,)
Mayst thou be deuuen to sell all thou hast
Vnto thy *Aqua vite* Bottle ; that's the last
A Bawd will part withall, and liue so poore,
That being turnd forth thy house, mayst die at doore.

Ser. Come sir, ha you done?

Spend. A litile further give mee leaue, I pray,
I haue a charitable Prayer to end with.

May the French Canniball eate into thy flesh,
And picke thy bones so cleane, that the report
Of thy Calamitie, may draw resort
Of all the common Sinners in the towne,
To see thy mangled Carcasse : and that then,
They may vpon't, turne honest Bawd, say Amen. *Exit.*

Sweat. Out vpon him wicked villaine, how he blspheames,

Purff. Hee will be damn'd for turning Heretique.

Tick. Hang him Banquerout rascall, let him talke in Prison,
The whilst weele spend his Goods : for I did neuer

Heare, that men tooke example by each other.

Sweat. Well, if men did rightly consider't, they should finde,
That Whores and Bawdes are profitable members
In a Common-wealthe : for indeed, tho wee semewhat
Impaire their Bodyes, yet wee doe good to their Soules,
For I am sure, wee still bring them to Repentance.

Purff. By Dis, and so weedoe.

Sweat. Come, come, will you Dis before : thou art one of
them, that I warrant thee wilt be hangd, before thou wilt
repent. *Exit.*

Enter

Greene. Tu quoque.

Enter Rafe Steyns and Geraldine.

Rafe. Well, this Loue is a troublesome thing, Jupiter blesse mee out of his fingers: ther's no estate can rest for him: Hee runnes through all Countries, will trauell through the Isle of Man in a minut; but never is quiet till hee come into Middle-sex, and there keepes his Christmas: Tis his habitation, his manion, from whence, Heele never out, till hee be fied.

Gerr. Well, do not tyranize too much, least one day he make you know his Deitie, by sending a shaft out of a sparkling eye, shall strike so deepe into your heart, that it shall make you fetch your breath short againe.

Rafe. And make mee cry, O eyes no eyes, but two celestial Starres! A pox ont, Ide as leue heare a fellow sing throngh the nose. How now Wench?

Enter Gartred.

Gart. Keefe your station, you stand as well for the encounter as may bee: Shee is comming on; but as melancholy, as a Base-vyoll in Consort.

Rafe. Which makes thee as Sprightly as the Treble. Now dost thou play thy prize: heer's the honorable Sciense one against another: Doe you heare Louer, the thing is done you wot off, you shall haue your Wench alone, without any disturbance: now if you can doe any good, why so, the Siluer Game be yours, weeke stand by and giue ayme, and hallow if you hit the Clout.

Geo. Tis all the assistance I request of you, Bring me but opportunity to her presence, And I desire no more: and if I cannot win her, Let mee loose her.

Gart. Well sir, let me tell you, perhaps you vndertake A harder taske then yes you doe imagine.

Geo. A taske, what to win a Woman, & haue opportunity? I would that were a taske ifayth, for any man that weares his wites about him: giue me but halfe an houres

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Conference with the coldest creature of them all,
And if I bring her not into a fooles Paradice,
Ile pul out my tongue, & hang it at her doore for a draw-latch.
Ydsfoot, I'd ne're stand thrumming of Caps for the matter,
Ile quickly make tryall of her if shee loue:
To haue her Beautie pray'd, Ile prayse it: if her Witte,
Ile commende it: if her good parts, Ile exalt them.
No course shall scape me; for to whag soeuer I saw her inclin'd
too, to that would I fit her.

Rab. But you must not doe thus to her, for shee's a subtile
flouting rogue, that will laugh you out of countenance, if you
solicit her ceriouly: No, talke me to her wantonly, flightly &
carelesly, and perhaps so you may preuaile as much with her,
as wind does with a Sayle, carry her whither thou wilt, Bally.

Enter Joyce.

Sra. Well sir, Ile follow your instruction.

Rab. Do so. And see shee appears; fall y^t ou two off from vs,
Let vs two walke togeather.

Joy. Why did my enquiring eye take in this fellow,
And let him downe so easie to my heart;
Where like a Conquerour he ceases on it,
And beates all other men out of my Bossome?

Rab. Sister, you're well met,
Heer's a Gentleman desires to be acquainted with you.

Joy. See, the Seruicingman is turnd a Gentleman,
That villanous Wench my Sister, has no mercy,
Shee and my Brother has conspired together to play vpon me;
But Ile preuent their sport: for rather then my tongue shall
haue scope to speake matter to give them mirth, my heart shall
breake.

Rab. You haue your desire sir, Ile leaue you;
Grapple with her as you can.

Sra. Lady, God sauе you. She turns backe vpon the motio,
Ther's no good to be done by braying for her, I see that;
I must plunge into a passion: now for a peice of *Hero* and
Leander: t'were excellent; and prayse be to my memorie,

It

Greenes Tu Quoque.

It has reacht halfe a dozen lines for the purpose :
Well, shee shall haue them.

One is no Number; Maydes are nothing then
Without the sweete societie of Men.

Wilt thou liue single still? one shalt thou bee,
Though never singling *Hymen* couple thee.

Wild Sauages that drinke of running Springs,
Thinkes Water farre excells all other thing.

They that dayly taste neat Wine, despise it,
Virginitie albeit some highly prize it,

Compard with Marriage, had you tryde them both,
Differs as much, as Wine and Water doth. No?

Why then bane at you in another kind.

By the tayth of a Souldier (Lady) I doe reverence the
ground that you walke vpon: I will fight with him that
dare, say you are not faire: Stabbe him that will not pledge
your health; and with a Dagger pierce a Vaine, to drinke a
full health to you; but it shall be on this condition, that you
shall speake first.

Vds-foot, if I could but get her to talke once, halfe my labour
were ouer: but Ile try her in another vaine.

What an excellent creature is a Womane without a tongue?
But what a more excellent creature is a Woman that has a
tongue, and can hold her peace? But how much more ex-
cellent and fortunate a creature is that man, that has that
Woman to his wife? This cannot choose but madde her;
And if any thing make a Woman talke, tis this. It will not doe
tho yet I pray God they haue not guld mee:
But Ile try once againe.

When will that tongue take libertie to talke?
Speake but one word, and I am satisfied:
Or doe but say but ~~Wom~~, and I am answerd?
No sound? no accent? Is there no noyse in Woman?
Nay then without direction I ha don.

I must goe call for helpe.

Reb. How, not speake?

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sister. Not a stillable, night nor sleepe, is not more silent :
Shee's as dumbe as Westminster Hall, in the long vacation.
Raf. Well, and what would you haue mee doe ?
Sister. Why, make her speake.
Raf. And what then ?
Sister. Why, let mee alone with her.
Raf. I, so you sayd before, Give you but opportunitie,
And let you alone, you'd desire no more : but come,
Ile try my cunning for you : See what I can doe.
How doe you Sister, I am sory to heare you are not well,
This Gent. telssene you haue lost your tongue, I pray lets see :
If you can but make signes whereabout you lost it, (pale,
Weele goe & looke for't : in good fayth Sister, you looke very
In my conscience tis for grieve : will you haue
Any comfortable Drinckes sent for, this is not the way ;
Come walke, seeme earnest in discourse, cast not an eye
Towards her, and you shall see weaknesse worke it selfe.

Joy. My heart is swolne so big, that it must vent,
Or it will burst : Are you a Brother ?
Raf. Looke to your selfe Sir,
The Brazen head has spoke, and I must leaue you.
Joy. Has shame that power in him, to make him fly :
And dare you be so impudent to stand
Iust in the face of my incensed anger ?
What are you ? why doe you stay ? who sent for you ?
You were in Garments yesterday, befitting
A fellow of your fashion ; has a Crowne
Purchast that shyning Sattin of the Brokers ?
Or ist a cast Suite of your goodly Maisters.

Sister. A Cast suite, Lidy ?
Joy. You thinke it does becom : you : fayth it does not,
A Blew Coat with a Badge, does better with you.
Goe vntroule your Maisters Poynts, and doe not dare,
To stop your Nose when as his Worlship stinkes :
Ta's been your breeding.

Sister. Vds'life, this is excellent : now sh's talkes.

Joy.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Io. Nay, were you a Gentleman : and which is more,
Well Landed, I should hardly loue you :
For, for your Face, I never saw a worse,
It lookeas as ift were drawne with yellow Oacker
Vpon blacke Buckram : and that Haire
Thats on your Chin, lookeas not like Beard,
But as ift had been smeard with Shoemakers Wax.

Sra. Vdsfoot, sheele make mee out of loue with my selfe.

Io. How dares your Basenes once aspyre vnto
So high a fortune, as to reach at mee :
Because you haue heard, that some haue run away
With Butlers, Horskeepers, and their fathers Clearks ;
You forsooth, cockerd with your owne suggeſlion,
Take heart vpon't, and thinke mee, (that am meate,
And set vp for your Maister) fit for you.

Sra. I would I could get her now to hold her tongue.

Io. Or cause, ſome times as I haue paſt along,
And haue returnd a Curtie for your Hatt,
You (as the common trickes is) ſtraight ſuppoſe,
Tis Loue, (irreuerence, which makes the word more beaſtly.)

Sra. VVhy, tis worse then ſcience.
Io. But wee are ſooleſ, and in our reputations
VVe find the ſmart on't :
Kindneſſe, is teameſ Lightneſſe, in our ſex :
And when we giue a Fauour, or a Kiffe,
VVec giue our Good names too.

Sra. VVill you be dumbe againe.

Io. Men you are cald, but you're a viperous brood,
VVhem we in chariti take into our bosomes,
And cheriſh with our heart : for which, you ſting vs.

Sra. Vdsfoot, Ile fetch him that waked your tongue,
To lay it downe againe.

Rab. VVhy how now man?

Sra. O relue mee, or I ſhall loſe my hearing,
You haue raysde a Ferie vp into her tongue
A Parliament of wemen could not make

Such

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Such a Confused noyse as that she vitters.

Raf. Well, what would you haue mee do?

Sar. Why make her hold her tonge.

Raf. And what then?

Sar. Why then let me alone againe.

Raf. This is very good I sayth, first giue thee but opportunity, and let thee alone: then make her but Speake, and let Thee alone: now make her hold her tonge, and then Let her alone: By my torth I thinke I were best to let Thee alone indeed: but come, follow mee, The Wild-cat shall not carry it so away, Walke, walke, as we did.

Ioy. What haue you fetcht your Champion? what can he do? Not haue you, nor him selfe from out the storme Of my incensed rage, I will thunder into your eares, The wrongs that you haue done an innocent Mayde: Oh you're a cupple of sweet: What shall I call you? Men you are not; for if you were, You would not offer this vnto a Mayde.

Wherein haue I deserued it at your handes? Haue I not been, alwayes a kind Sister to you, & in signes & tokens shewed it? Did I not send Money to you at Cambridge when you were but a Freshman, wrought you Purses and Bandes; and since you came to th' Inn's a Court, a faire payre of Hangers? Haue you not takeu Rings from mee, which I haue been faine to say I haue lost, when you had paund them: and yet was never beholding to you for a payre of Gloues?

Raf. A Womans tonge I see, is like a Bell, That once being set a going, goes it selfe.

Ioy. And yet you to ioyn with my sister against mee, Send one heere to play vpon mee, whilst you laugh and leere, And make a pastime on mee: is this Brotherly done? No it is Barberous, & a *Turke* would blush to offer it to a Christian: but I will thinke on't, and haue it written in my heart, when it hath flipt your memories.

Raf. When will your tonge be wearie?

Dy.

Greenes Tu quoque.

for Neuer.

Raf. How neuer? Come talke, and Ile talke with you,
Ile try the nimble footmanship of your tonges;
And if you can out-talke mee, yours be the victorie.

Here they two talke and rayle what they list;
then Raf. speakes to Staggs.

All speake. Vds'foot, dost thou stand by, and doe nothing?
Come talke, and drowne her clamors.

*Here they all three talke, and Joyce gives
over weeping, and Exit.*

Gerald. Alas, shees spent yfayth: now the stormes omer.

Raf. Vds'foot, lie follow her as long as I haue any breath.

Gart. Nay no more now Brother, you haue no compassion,
You see shee cryes.

Sta. If I do not wonder she could talke so long, I am a vil.
She eats no Nuts I warrant her: sfoot, I am almost out of breath
VVith that little I talkt: well Gent. Brothers I might say,
For shee and I must clap hands vpon't: a match for all this.
Pray goe in; and Sister, salue the matter, collogue with her
Againe, and all shall be well: I haue a little busynesse
That must be thought vpon, and tis partie for your mirth;
Therefore let mee not (tho absent) be forgotten:
Fare well.

Raf. VVWe will be mindfull of you sir, fare you well.

Ger. How now man, what tyerd, tyerd?

Raf. Zounds, and you had talkt as much as I did, you
would betyrd I warrant: What, is shee gone in? Ile to her a-
gaine whilſt my tongue is warme: and if I thought I should
be vſde to this exercise I woulſt eate every morning an ounce
of Lickerish.

Exit.

*Enter Lodge the maister of the Prison,
and Lock-fist his man.*

Lodge. Haue you sumd vp thos Reckonings?

Hold. Yes Sir.

Lodge. And what is owing mee?

Hold. Thirtie-seuen pound odd monie.

L

Lodge.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Lodg. How much owes the Frenchman?

Hold. A fourights Commons.

Lodg. Has Spendall anie monie?

Hold. Not any sir: and he has sold all his Cloaths.

Enter Spendall.

Lodg. That fellow would wast Millions, if he had them; /
Whilſt he has Monie, no man ſpends a pennie: /
Aske him monie, and if he ſay he has none,
Be plaine with him, and turne him out o'th Ward. *Exit Lodg.*

Hold. I will ſir. Maiftre Spendall,

My Maiftre has ſent to you for monie.

Spend. Monie, why does he ſend to mee? does he thinke

I haue the Philosophers Stones, or I can clip or coyne?

How does he thinke I can come by monie?

Hold. Fayth ſir, his occaſions are ſo great, that hee muſt
haue monie, or elſe he can buy no Viſtuals.

Spend. Then we muſt ſtarue, belike: Vdsfoot thou ſeſt
I haue nothing leſt, that will yeld mee two ſhillings.

Hold. If you haue no monie,

You're beſt remoue into ſome cheaper Ward.

Spend. What Ward ſhould I remoue into?

Hold. Why to the Two-peanie Ward, is likeliest to hold out
with your meaneſs: or if you will, you may goe into the Holl,
and there you may feed for nothing.

Spend. I, out of the Almes-basket, where Charitiſe appears
In likeuenesse of a peece of ſtinking Fish:
Such as they beat Bawdes with when they are Carted.

Hold. Why ſir, doe not ſcorne it, as good men as your ſelſe,
Haue been glad to eate Scraps out of the Almesbasket.

Spend. And yet ſlauſe, thou in pride wilt ſtop thy noſe,
Scruſe and make faces, talke contemptiblly of it,
and of the feeders, ſurely groane.

Enter Fox.

Hold. Well ſir, your mallapertnes will get you nothing.
Fox.

Fox. Haere.

Hold

Greenes Tu quoque.

Hold. A prisoner to the Holl, take charge of him, and vs
him as securily as thou canste you shall be taught your duetic
sir, I warrant you.

Spend. Hence flauish tyrants, instruments of torture,
There is more kindnesse yet in Whores, then you,
For when a man hath spent all, hee may goe
And seeke his way, theyle kicke him out of dores;
Not keepe him in as you doe, and inforce him
To be the subiect of their crueltie.
You hane no mercie; but be this your comfort,
The punishment and torturs which you doe
Infliet on men, the Diuels shall on you.

Hold. Well sir, you may talke, but you shall see the end,
And who shall haue the worst of it. *Exit Lock.*

Spend. Why villaine, I shall haue the worst, I know it,
And am prepar'd to suffer like a *Stoicke*,
Or else (to speake more properly) like a *Stocke*;
For I haue no fence left: dost thou thinke I haue?

Fox. Zounds, I thinke hee's madde?
Spend. Why, thou art i'th right; for I am madde indeed,
And haue been madde this two yea're. Dost thou thinke
I could haue spent so much as I haue done
In wares and credite, had I not been madde?
Why thou must know, I had a faire estate,
Which through my ryot, I haue torne in peeces,
And scattered amongst Bawdes, Buffoons, and Whores,
That sawnd on mee, and by their flatteries,
Rockt all my vnderstanding faculties
Into a pleasant slumber, where I dreamp't
Of neught but ioy and pleasure: neuer felt
How I was luld in sensahtie,
Vntill at last, Affliction waked mee:
And lighting vp the Taper of my soule,
Led mee vnto my selfe; where I might see
A mind and body rent with Miseric. *A Prisoner within.*

Prif. Harry Fox, Harry Fox. *Fox.* Who calles?

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Enter Prisoners.

Prif. Heer's the Bread and Meate-man come.

Fox. Well, the Bread and Meate-man, may stay a little.

Prif. Yes indeed Harry, the Bread and Meat-man, may stay: But you know our stomacks cannot stay.

Enter Gatherscrap with the Basket.

Fox. Indeed your Stomacke is alwayes first vp.

Brif. And therefore by right, should be first serued: I haue a stomacke like *Aquafariss*, it will eate any thing. O father Gatherscrap, here are excellent bits in the Basket.

Fox. Will you hold your Chops further, by and by youle driuell into the Basket?

Prif. Perhaps it may doe some good; for there may be a peece of powderd Beete that wants watering.

Fox. Heere sir, heer's your share.

Prif. Heer's a bit indeed: what's this to a *Gargantua* stomacke?

Fox. Thou art ever grumbling.

Prif. Zounds, it would make a Dogge grumble, to want his Victuals: I pray giue *Spendall* none, hee came into th' Holl but yester-night.

Fox. What, doe you refuse it?

Spend. I cannot eate, I thankē you.

Prif. No, no, giue it mee; hee's not yet seasond for our companie.

Fox. Deuide it then amongst you. *Exit Fox & Prisoners.*

Spend. To such a one as these are, must I come,
Hunger will draw mee into their fellowship,
To fight and scramble for vnsauerie Scraps,
That come from vnknownne hands, perhaps vnwaſht:
And would that were the worſt; for I haue noted,
That nought goes to the Prisoners, but ſuch food
As either by the weather has been tainted,
Or Children, nay ſometimes full paunched Dogges,
Haue ouerlickt, as if men had determinid
That the worſt Sustenance, which is Gods Creatures,
How ever they're abuſde, are good enough

For

Greenes Tu Quoque.

For such vild Creatures as abuse themselues.
O what a Slave was I vnto my Pleasures?
How drownd in Sinne, and ouerwhelmd in Lust?
That I could write my repentance to the world,
And force th'impression of it in the hearts.
Of you, and my acquaintance, I might teach them
By my example, to looke home to Thrift,
And not to range abroad to seek out Ruine:
Experience shewes, his Purse shall soone grow light,
Whom Dice wastes in the day, Drabs in the night:
Let all auoyde false Stumpets, Dice, and Drinke;
For hee that leaps in Muddle, shall quickly sinke.

Enter Fox and Longfield.

Fox. Yonder's the man.

Long. I thanke you.

How is it with you, sir? What on the grounde?
Looke vp, there's comfort towards you.

Spend. Belike some charitable Friend has sent a Shilling,
What is your Businesse?

Long. Libertie.

Spend. There's vertue in that word; Ile rise vp to you.
Pray let mee heare that chearefull word againe.

Long. The able, and wel-minded Widdow Rayby,
Whose hand is still vpon the poore mans Box,
Hath in her Charitic remembred you:
And beeing by your Maister seconded,
Hath taken order with your Creditors
For day, and payment; and freely from her Purse,
By mee her Deputie, shee hath dischargd
All Duties in the House: Besides, to your necessities,
This is bequeathd, to furnish you with Cloaths.

Spend. Speake you this seriously?

Long. Tis not my practise to mocke Miserie.

Spend. Be euer prayed that Deuinitie,
That has to my oppressed state rayld Friends:

Greenes Tu Quoque.

still be his blessings powred vpon their heads :
Your hand, I pray,
That haue so faythfully performd their willes :
If ere my industrie, ioynd with their loues,
Shall rayse mee to a competent estate,
Your name shall ever be to mee a friend.

Long. In your good wishes, you require mee amply.

Spend. All Fees, you say, are payd? there's for your loue.

Fox. I thanke you sir, and glad you are releast. *Exit.*

Enter Bubble gallanted.

Bub. How Apparell makes a man respected; the very children in the streeete do adore mee : for if a Boy that is throwing at his lacke-alent chaunce to hit mee on the shinnes : Why I say nothing but, *Tu quoque*, smile, and forgiue the Child with a becke of my hand, or some such like token : so by that meanes, I do seldome goe without broken shinnes.

Enter Saines like an Italian.

Sra. The blessings of your Mistres fall vpon you,
And may the heat and spirit of Hee-lip,
Endue her with matter aboue her vnderstanding,
That she may only liue to admire you, or as the *Italians* sayes,
Qua que dell fogo Ginni Coxcombie.

Bub. I doe wonder what language he speakes.
Doe you heare my friend, are not you a Coniurer?

Sra. I am sir, a perfect Traueller, that haue trampled ouer
The face of this vneuerll. and can speake *Greeke* and
Latine as promptly, as my owne naturall Language :
I haue compold a Booke, wherein I haue set downe
All the Wonders of the world that I haue seene,
And the whole scope of my lornies, togeather with the
Miseries and lowlie fortunes I haue endured therein.

Bub. O Lord Sir, are you the man ; give me your hand :
How doe yee : in good fayth I thinke I haue heard of you.

Sra. No sir, you never heard of mee, I set this day footing
Vpon

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Vpon the Wharffe, I came in with the last peale of Ordinance,
And dind this day in the Exchange among' l the Marchants.
But this is fruicous and from the matter : you doe seeme
To be one of our *Genteell* spirits that doe affect *Generositie*:
Pleaseth you to be instituted in the nature, Garb, and habit,
Of the most exactell Nation in the world, the *Italians*:
Whose Language is sweetest, Cloathes neatest, and hauisour
Molt accomplit: I am one that haue spent much monie,
And time; which to me is more deare then monie, in the
Obseruation of these things : and now I am come,
I will sit me downe and rest, and make no doubt,
But by qualitie, to purchase and build, by profesiing this Art,
Or humane Science (as I may tearme it,) to such Honorable
And Worshippfull personages as meane to be peculiar.

Bub. This fellow has his tongue at his fingers endes :
But harke you sir, is your *Italian* the finest Gentleman?

Sta. In the world *Signore*, your *Spaniard* is a meere *Bumbard*
to him : hee will bounce indeed ; but hee will burst : But your
Italian is sinowhand loftie, and his language is, Cozen germane
to the *Latine*.

Bub. Why then hee has his *Tu quoque* in his salute?

Sta. Yes sir, for it is an *Italian* word as well as a *Latine*,
And infoldes a double fense : for one way spoken,
It includes a fine Gentleman like your selfe ;
And another way, it imports an *Asse*, like whom you will.

Bub. I would my man *Tornis* were heere, for hee vnder-
stands these things better then I. You will not serue?

Sta. Serue, no sir, I haue talkt with the great *Sophy*.

Bub. I parye sir, what's the lowest price of being *Italianated*?

Sta. Sir, if it please you, I will stand to your bounty :
And mark me, I will set your face like a Grand *Signeors*,
And you shall march a whole day, vntill you come oponately
to your Mistirs,
And not disfrancke one hayre of your phisnomie.

Bub. I woud you would doe it sir, if you will stand to my
Bounty, I will pay you, as I am an *Italian*: *Tu quoque*.

Sta.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sra. Then sir, I will first disburthen you of your Cloake,
You will be the nimblier to practise: Now sir, obserue mee,
Goe you directly to the Lady to whom you deuote your selfe.

Bub. Yes sir.

Sra. You shall set a good stay'd face vpon the matter then.
Your Band is not to your Shirt, is it?

Bub. No sir, tis loose.

Sra. It is the fitter for my purpose.

I will first remoue your Hatte, it has been the fashion (as I
haue heard) in England, to weare your Hatte thus in your eyes;
But it is grosse, naught, inconuenient, and proclaymes with a
loude voyce; that hee that brought it vp first, stood in feare of
Sargiants. Your *Italian* is contrarie, hee doth aduance his
Hatte, and sets it thus.

Bub. Excellent well: I would you would set on my head so.

Sra. Soft, I will first remoue your Band, and set it out of the
reach of your eye; it must lie altogether backward: So, your
Band is well.

Bub. Is it as you would haue it?

Sra. It is as I would wish; onely sir, this I must condition
you off; in your affront or salute, neuer to mooue your Hatte:
But heere, heere is your curtesie.

Bub. Nay I warrant you, let mee alone; if I perceive a thing
once, Ile carrie it away: Now pray sir, reach my Cloake.

Sra. Neuer whilst you liue, sir.

Bub. No, what doe your *Italians* weare no Cloakes?

Sra. Your Signors neuer: you see I am vnfurnisht my selfe.

Enter Sir Lyo. Will. R. b. Geraldine, Widdow,

Cartred, and Joyce.

Bub. Sa'y so? prethee keepe it then. See, yonder's the compaie
that I looke for; therefore if you will set my face of any
fashion, pray doe it quickly?

Sra. You carry your face as well as eare an *Italian* in the
world, onely inrich it with a Smyle, and tis incomparable:
and thus much more, at your first apparace, you shall perhaps
strike

Greenes Tu quoque.

Strike your acquaintance into an extasie, or perhaps a laughter : but tis ignorance in them, which will soone be overcome, if you perseuer.

Bub. I will perseuer, I warrant thee ; onely doe thou stand aloofe and be not scene, because I would haue them thinke I fercht it out of my owne practise.

Sra. Do not you feare, Ile not be scene, I warrant you. *Exit.*

Lyo. Now *Widdow*, you are welcome to my house, And to your owne house too ; so you may call it : For what is mine, is yours : you may command heere, As at home, and be as soone obayde.

Wid. May I deserue this kindnesse of you, sir ?

Bub. Saue you Gent. I salute you after the *Italian* fashion.

Rafb. How, the *Italian* fashion ? Zounds, he has drest him rarely

Lyo. My sonne *Bubble*, I take it ?

Rafb. The nether part of him I thinke is hee, But what the vpper part is, I know not.

Bub. By my troth hee's a rare fellow, he sayd true : They are all in an extasie.

Ger. I thinke hee's madde ?

Soy. Nay that can not bee ; for they say, they that are madde, loose their wits : and I am sure he had none to loose.

Enter Scattergood.

Lyo. How now sonne *Bubble*, how come you thus attyder ? What, do you meane to make your selfe a laughing stocke, ha ?

Bub. Vm, Ignorance, ignorance.

Ger. For the loue of laughter, looke yonder, Another Hearing in the same pickle.

Rafb. The tother Hobby-horse I perceiue is not forgotten.

Bub. Ha,ha,ha,ha.

Scor. Ha,ha,ha,ha.

Bub. Who has made him such a Coxcombe groe ? An *Italian* tu quoque.

Scor. I salute you according to the *Italian* fashion.

K.

Bub.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Bub. Puh, the *Italian* fashion? the tattered-de-malian fashion
hee means.

Scas. Saeu you sweete bloods, saue you.

Lyo. Why but what ligge is this?

Scas. Nay if I know farther, would I were hangd,
I am e're as Innocent as the Child new borne.

Lyo. I but sonne Bubble, where did you two buy your Felts?

Scas. Felts? By this light, mine is a good Beauer:
It cost mee three pound this morning vpon trust.

Lyo. Nay, I thinke you had it vpon trust: for no man that
has any shame in him, would take mony for it: behold Sir.

Scas. Ha, ha, ha.

Lyo. Nay never doe you laugh, for you're i'th same blocke.

Bub. Is this the *Italian* fashion?

Scas. No, it is the Fooles fashion:
And we two are ehe the first that follow it.

Bub. *Et tu quoque*, are we both cozend:
Then lets shew our selves brothers in aduersitie, and imbrace.

Lyo. What was hee that cheated you?

Bub. Marry sir, he was a Knaue that cheated mee.

Scas. And I thinke he was no honest man, that cheated mee,

Lyo. Doe you know him againe, if you see him?

Enter Scas.

Bub. Yes I know him againe, if I see him:
But I doe not know how I shold come to see him.

O *Iarus, Iarus*, doe you see vs two, *Iarus*?

Scas. Yes sir, very well.

Bub. No, you doe not see vs very well;
For we haue been horribly abused:

Neuer were *Englisomen* so guld in *Italian*, as we haue been.

Lyo. Why sir, you haue not lost your Cloake and Hatte.

Bub. *Iarus* you lie, I haue lost my Cloake and Hatte:
And therefore you must vse your credite for another.

Scas. I thinkes my old Cloake and Hatte, must be glad to
serueme till next quarter day.

Lyo. Come, take no care for Cloakes, Ile furnish you:

To

Greenes Tu quoque.

To night you lodge with mee, to morrow morne
Before the Sunne be vp, prepare for Church,
The *Widdow* and I haue so concluded on't:
The Wenches vnderstand not yet so much,
Nor shall not, vntill bedtime: then will they,
Not sleepe a wincke all night, for very ioy.

Sir. And Ile promise the next night,
They shall not sleepe for ioy neither.

Lyo. O Maister *Geraldine*, I saw you not before:
Your Father now is come to towne, I heare?

Ger. Yes Sir.

Lyo. Were not my busynesse earnest, I would see him:
But pray intreathim breake an howers sleepe
Tomorrow morne, t'accompanie mee to Church;
And come your selfe I pray along with him.

Enter Spendall.

Ger. Sir, I thanke you.

Lyo. But looke, heere comes one,
That has but lately shooke off his Shackles.
How now firra, wherefore come you?

Spend. I come to crave a pardon fit, of you,
And with heartie and zelous thankes
Vnto this worthy Lady, that hath giuen mee
More then I ere could hope for: Libertie.

Wid. Be thankfull vnto Heauen, and your Maister:
Nor let your heart grow bigger then your Purse,
But liue within a limit, least you burst out
To Ryot, and to Miserie againe:
For then t'would loose the benefite I meant it.

Lyo. O you doe graciously, tis good aduice:
Let it take roote firra, let it take roote.
But come *Widdow* come, and see your Chamber,
Nay your companie too, for I must speake with you. *Exit.*

Spend. Tis bound vnto you Sir.

Bab. And I haue to talke with you too, Mistris *Loyce*:

K. 2.

Pray

Greenes Tu Quaque.

Pray a word.

Joy. What would you, Sir?

Bub. Pray let me see your hand : the line of your Mayden-head is out. Now for your Finger, vpon which Finger will you weare your wedding Ring?

Joy. Vpon no Finger.

Bub. Then I perceiue you meane to weare it on your thumbs. Well, the time is come sweet *Joye*, the time is come.

Joy. What to doe, sir?

Bub. For mee to tickle thy *Tu quaque*; to doe the ake of our forefathers : therefore prepare, prouide,
To morrow morne to meeet mee as my Brde. Exit.

Joy. Ile meeet thee like a Ghost first. (foole)

Gart. How now, what matter haue you fift out of that

Joy. Matter as poysning as Corruption,
That will without some Antidote strike home
Like blew Infecction to the very heart.

Raf. As how, for Gods sake?

Joy. To morrow is the appoynted Wedding day.

Gart. The day of deosome it is?

Gart. T'would be a dismall day indeed toosome of vs.

Joy. Sir, I doo know you loue mee, and the time
Will not be dallyed with : bee what you seeeme,
Or not the same : I am your Wife, your Mistris,
Or your Servant; indeed what you will make mee:
Let vs no longer wrangle with our Witnes,
Or dally with our Fortunes; lead mee hence,
And carry mee into a Wildernesse :
Ile fast with you, rather then feast with him.

Sra. What can be welcomer vnto these armes?
Not my estate recoverd, is more sweets,
Nor strikes more ioy in mee, then does your loue.

Raf. Will you both kisse then vpon the bargaine,
Heer's two couple on you ; God giue you ioy,
I wish well to you, and I see tis all the good that I can doe you:
And so to your shifles I leaue you.

Joy.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Isr. Nay Brother, you will not leaue vs thus, I hope.

Rab. Why what would you haue me do, you meane to run away togeather, would you ha me run with you, and so loose my Inheritance : no, trudge, trudge with your backes to mee, and your bellies to them : away.

Ger. Nay I prethee be not thus vnseasonable: Without thee wee are nothing.

Rab. By my troth, and I think so too : you loue one another in the way of Matrimonie, doe you not?

Ger. What else man?

Rab. What else man? why tis a question to be askt,
For I can assure you, there is an other kind of loue :
But come follow mee, I must be your good Angell still :
Tis in this braine how to preuent my Father, and his brace
Of Beagles : you shall none of you be bid to night :
Follow but my direction, if I bring you not,
To have and to hold, for better for worse, let me be held an
Eunuch in wit, and one that was never Father to a good Feast.

Gart. Wee'l be instruced by you.

Rab. Well, if you bee, it will be your owne another day.
Come follow mee.

*Spend all meetes them, and they looke strongly
upon him, and Exe.*

Spend. How ruthlesse men are to aduersitie,
My acquaintance scarce will know mee, when wee meet
They cannot stay to talke, they must be gone,
And shake mee by the hand as if I burnt them :
A man must trust vnto himselfe, I see,
For if hee once but halt in his estate,
Friendship will prooue but broken Crutches to him :
Well, I will leaue to none of them, but stand
Free of my selfe : and if I had a spirit
Daring to act what I am prompted too,
I must thrust out into the world againe,

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Fall blossomed with a sweete and golden Spring :
It was an argument of loue in her
To fetch mee out of Prison, and this night,
She clasp't my hand in hers, as who should say,
Thou art my Purchase, and I hold thee thus :
The worst is but repulse, if I attempt it :
I am resolud, my Geneus whispers to mee
Goe on and win her, thou art young and active ;
Which she is apt to catch at, for there's nought
That's more vnteadfast, then a womans thought.

Enter Sir Lyo, Will Raso, Scatter-good, Bubble,
Widdow, Garred, Joyce, Phillis,
and Servant.

Lyo. Heere's ill lodgning *Widdow*, but you must know,
If wee had better, wee could affoord it you.

Wid. The lodgning Sir, might serue better Guestes.

Lyo. Not better, *Widdow*, nor yet welcommer :
But wee will leaue you to it, and the rest.

Phillis. pray let your Mistris want not any thing,
Once more Good night, leaue a kisse with you,
Asearnest of a better Gifte to morrow.

Sirrah, a Light.

Wid. Good rest to all.

Bub. *Et tu quoque*, forsooth .

Scat. God giue you good-night, forsooth,
And send you an early resurrection.

Wid. God-night to both.

Lyo. Come, come away, each Bird vnto his nest,
To morrow night's a time of little rest.

Exe.

Manet Widdow and Phillis.

Wid. Heere vntie : soft, let it alone,
I haue no disposition to sleepe yet :
Ghe mee a Booke, and leaue mee for a while,
Some halfe houre hence, looke into mee.

Phis. I shall forsooth.

Exit Phillis.

Enter

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Enter Spendall.

Wid. How now, what makes this bold intrusion?

Spend. Pardon mee Lady, I haue busines to you.

Wid. Busines, from whom, is it of such importance
That it craues present hearing?

Spend. It does.

Wid. Then speake it, and be briefe.

Spend. Nay gentle *Widdow*, be more pliyant to mee.

My suite is soft and courteous : full of loue.

Wid. Of loue?

Spend. Of loue.

Wid. Why sure the man is madde; bethinke thy selfe,
Thou haft forgot thy errand?

Spend. I haue indeed, faire Lady ; for my errand
Should first haue been deliuered on your lippes.

Wid. Why thou impudent fellow, vnrifft of shame,
As well as of thy purse ; What has moou'd thee
To prosecute thy ruine? hath my bountie,
For which thy Maister was an orator,
Importune thee to pay mee with abuse?
Sirra retire, or I will to your shame,
With clamors rayse the house, and make your Maister
For this attempt, returne you to the Dungion,
From whence you came.

Spend. Nay then I must be desperate:
Widdow, hold your Clapdish, fasten your Tongue
Vnto your Roofe, and do not dare to call,
But giue mee audience, with feare and silence :
Come kisse mee : No?

This Dagger has a poynt, doe you see it?

And be vnto my suite obedient,
Or you shall feele it too:
For I will rather totter, hang in cleane Linnen,
Then liue to scrub it out in lowsic Lynings.
Go too, kill me : You will why so : Againe: the third time?

Good.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Good, tis a sufficient Charme: Now heare mee,
You are rich in Mony, Lands, and Lordships,
Mannors, and fayre Possessions, and I haue not so much
As one poore Coppy-hold to thrust my head in.
Why shouldest thou not then haue compassion
vpon a reasonable handsome fellow,
That has both youth and liuelihood vpon him,
And can at midnight quicken and refresh
Pleasures decayed in you? You want Children,
And I am strong, lusty, and haue a backe
Like Hercules, able to get them
Without the helpe of Muscadine and Eggs:
And will you then, that haue inough,
Take to your Bed a bundle of diseases,
Wrapt vp in threescore yeares, to lie a hawking,
Spitting, and coffing backwards and forwards
That you shall not sleepe; but thrusting forth
Your face out of the Bed, be glad to draw
The Curtaines, such a steame shall reeke
Out of this dunghill. Now what say you?
Shall we without further wrangling clap it vp,
And goe to Bed togeather?

Wid. Will you heare mee?

Knocke within.

Spend. Yes with all my heart,
So the first word may bee, Vntrusse your Poynts.
Zounds one knockes: do not stirre I charge you,
Nor speake, but what I bid you:
For by these Lippes, which now in loue I kisse,
If you but strugge, or but rayse your voyce,
My arme shall rise with it, and strike you dead.
Go too, come on with mee, and aske who's there?

Wid. It is my Mayde.

Spend. No matter, doe as I bid you: say, Who's there?

Wid. Who's there?

Within Phallis. Tis I, forsooth.

Spend. If it be you, forsooth, then pray stay.

Till

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Till I shall call vpon you.

Wid. If it be you forsooth, then pray you stay,
Till I shall call vpon you.

Spred. Very well, why now I see

Thou'l prooue an obedient wife, come, let's vndresse.

Wid. Will you put vp your naked weapon sir?

Spred. You shall pardon mee (Widdow) I must haue you
grant first.

Wid. You will not put it vp.

Spred. Not till I haue some token of your loue.

Wid. If this may be a testimonie take it. Kisf him.

By all my hopes I loue thee, thou art worthy
Of the best widdow liuing, thou tak'st the course;
And those that will win widdowes must doe thus.

Spred. Nay, I knew what I did, when I came with my naked
weapon in my hand; but come, vnlace.

Wid. Nay my deare loue, know that I will not yeeld
My b^tdy vnto lust, vntill the Priest
Shall ioyne vs in *Hymens* sacred nupellall rites.

Spred. Then set your hand to this, nay 'tis a contract
Strong and sufficient, and will holde in Lawe,
Heere, heere's pen and incke, you see I come provided.

Wid. Giue me the penne.

Spred. Why here's some comfort,

Yet write your name faire I pray,
And at large; why now 'tis very well,
Now widdow you may admit your Maid,
For i'th next roome I'le goe fetch a napppe.

Wid. Thou shalt not leaue me so, come pre thee sit,
Wee'l talke a while, for thou hast made my heart
Dance in my bosome I receiue such ioy.

Spred. Thou art a good wench yfaith, come kisf vpon't.

Wid. But will you be a louing husband to me,
Auoyde all naughty company, and be true
To me, and to my bedde?

Spred. As true to thee, as Steele to Adaman.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Binde him to the poaf.

Wid. I'le binde you to your word, see that you be,
Or I'le conceale my bagges, I haue kinsfolkes,
To whom I'le mak' ouer, you shal not haue a penny.

Spend. Push, pre thee doe not doubt me,
How now, what meanes this?

Wid. It meanes my vengeance ; my sir, you are fast,
Nor doe not dare to struggle, I haue libertie,
Both of my tongue and feet, I'le call my maid :
Phillis come in, and helpe to triumph, *Enter Phillis.*
Ouer this holde Intruder, wonder not wench,
But goe vnto him, and ransacke all his pockets,
And take from thence a Contract which he forc'd
From my vnwilling fingers:

Spend. Is this according to your oath.

Phillis. Come sir, I must search you.

Spend. I pre thee do,
And when thou tak'st that from me, take my life too.

Wid. Haft thou it gerle?

Phillis. I haue a paper heere.

Wid. It is the same, giue it me, looke you sir,
Thus your new fancied hopes I teare asunder:
Poore wretched man, t'haft had a golden dreame,
Which guilded o're thy calamitie :
But being awake thou findst it ill laid on,
For with one finger I haue wip'd it off :
Go: fetch me hither the Casket that containes
My choicest Iewells, and spread them heere before him ;
Looke you sir :

Heere's gold, pearle, rubies, saphires, diamonds ;
These would be goodly things for you to pawne,
Or swoll with amongst your Curtizans,
Whilſt I and mine did starue ; why doſt not curse,
And viter all the mischieſes of thy heart,
Which I know ſwells within thee, powre it our,
And let me beare thy fury.

Spend.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Spend. Neuer, never:

When ere my tongue shall speake but well of thee,
It prooues no faithfull seruant to my heart.

Wid. Falfe traitor to thy maister, and to me,
Thou liest, there's no such thing within thee.

Spend. May I be burn'd to vghinefle, to that
Which you and all men hate, but I speake truth.

Wid. May I be turn'd a monster, and the shame
Of all my Sex, — and if I not beleeue thee,
Take me vnto thee, these, and all that's mine,
Were it thrice trebled, thou wert worthy all:
And doe not blame this triall, cause it shews
I give my selfe vnto thee, am not forc'd,
And with't alone, that ne'r shall be diuorc'd.

Spend. I am glad'tis come to this yet, by this light
Thou putt'st me into a horrible feare:
But this is my excuse: know that my thoughts
Were not so desperate as my actions seem'd,
For soe my dagger shoul'd ha drawne one droppe
Of thy chaste blood, it shoul'd haue fluc'd out mine:
And the cold point strucke deepe into my heart:
Nor better be my fate, if I shall moue
To any other pleasure but thy loue.

Wid. It shall be in my Creed: but lett's away,
For night with her blacke Steeds drawes vp the day. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Raſſ, Staines, Geraldine, Gartred, Joye, and
a Boy with a Lanborne.*

Raſſ. Softly Boy, softly, you thinke you are vpon firme
ground, but it is dangerous; you'l never make a good thiefe,
you rogue, till you learne to creepe vpon all foure: if I do not
swaere with going this pace: every thing I see, mee thinkes,
should be my father in his white beard.

Sia. It is the property of that passion, for feare
Still shapes all things we see to that we feare.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Raf. Well hid Logicke , sister, I pray lay hold of him,
For the man I see is able to give the Watch an answere , if they

Enter Spendall, Widdow, and Phillis.

should come vpon him with Interrogatories : zowndes wee are
discouered, boy, come vp close, and vse the property of your
Lanthorne : what dumbe shew should this be? (vs.

Geral. They take their way directly, intend nothing agaist
Sta. Can you not discerne who they are?

Joyce. One is Spendall.

Gart. The other is the Widdow as I take it.

Sta. Tis true, and that's her msid before her.

Raf. What a night of conspiracie is heere, more villanies
there's another goodly mutton going, my father is fleeced of
all, griesse will give him a box yf alth , but 'tis no great matter,
I shall inherit the sooner, nay soft sir, you shall not pasle so cur-
rant with the matter , I'le shake you a little : who goes thered?

Spend. Out with the Candle, who's that asks the question?

Raf. One that has some reason for't.

Spend. It should be, by the voyce, yong Raf.

Why we are honest folkes.

Raf. Pray where do you dwell ? not in towne I hope.

Spend. Why we dwell, zowndes where doe we dwell?

I know not where.

Raf. And you'l be married you know not when , zowndes
it were a Christian deed to stoppe thee in thy iourny : haft thou
no more spirit in thee, but to let thy tongue betray thee. Sup-
pose I had beene a Constable , you had beene in a fine taking,
had you not?

Spend. But my still worthy friend,
Is there no worse face of ill bent towards me,
Then that thou merrily puttest on.

Raf. Yes, heere's fourre or fve faces more , but ne'r an ill
one, though never an excellent good one , Boy, vp with your
lanthorne of light , and shew him his associats , all running a-
way with the flesh as thou art , goe yonake together , you may
be oxen one day, and draw all together in a plough, go march
together

Greenes Tu Quogne.

together, the Parson stais for you, pay him royally, come, giue me the Lanthorne, for you haue light sufficient, for night has put off his blacke Cappe, and salutes the morne, now farewell my little children of Cupid, that walke by two and two as if you went a feaſling: let mee heare no more words, but be gone.

Spend. & Sta. Farewell.

Gart. & Joyce. Farewell brother. *Manet Rab.*

Rab. I, you may crie farewell, but if my father should know of my villanie, how ſhould I fare then? but all's one, I ha done my fifters good, my friends good, and my ſelfe good, and a generall good is alwaies to be reſpected before a particular, ther's eight ſcore pounds a yeaſe ſaued, by the conueyance of this widdow, I heare footeſteps, now darkenesſe take me into thy armeſ, and deliuere me from diſcovery. *Exit.*

Enter for Lyonell.

Lyonell. Lord, lord, what a careleſſe world is this, neyther Bride nor Bridegroome ready, time to goe to Church, and noe a man vroosted, this age has not ſene a yoong Gallant riſe with a candle, we liue drowned in feather-beds, and dreame of no other felicitie: this was not the life when I was a yong man, what makes vs ſo weake as wee are now? a feather-bed: what ſo vnapt for exerciſe? a feather-bed: what breedes ſuch paines and aches in our bones? why a feather-bed or a wench, or at leaſt a wench in a feather-bed: is it not a shame, that an olde man as I am ſhould be vp firſt, and in a wedding day, I thinke in my coniſcience there's more mettall in laddes of three ſcore, then in boyes of one and twenty. *Enter Basket hit.*

Why *Basket hit.*

Bask. Heere fir.

Lyon. Shall I not be truſſed to day?

Bask. Yes fir, but I went for water.

Lyon. Is *Will Rab* vp yet?

Basket. I thinke not fir, for I heard no body riſſing in the house.

Lyon. Knocke ſirra at his chamber, *Knocke within.*

Greenes Tu Quoque.

The house might be plucked downe and bullded againe
Before he'd wak't with the noyse. Rasb. *adsp.*

Rasb. Who's that keepes such a knocking, are you madde?

Lyon. Rather thou art drunke, thou lazy slowch,
That wak'it thy bed thy graue, and in it buriest
All thy youth and vigor; vp for shame.

Rasb. Why 'tis not two a clocke yet.

Lyo. Out fluggish knaue 'tis neerer vnto five,
The whole house has out-slept themselues, as if they had drunk
Wilde poppy: Sirra, goe you and raise the maides, and let them
call vpon their mistrefles.

Bask. Well sir, I shall.

Enter Scattergood and Bubble.

Scatt. Did I eate any Lettice to supper last night, that I am
so sleepie, I thinke it be day light, brother *Bubble*.

Bub. What saist thou brother? heigh ho!

Lyon. Fie, fie, not ready yet? what fluggishnesse
Hath seiz'd vpon you? why thine eyes are close still.

Bub. As fast as a Kentish oyster, surely I was begotten in a
Plumb-tree,
I ha such a deale of gumme about mine eies. *Enter Strud.*

Lyon. Lord how you stand! I am ashamed to see
The Sunne should be a witnesse of your slouth,
Now sir, your haste.

Bask. Marry sir, there are guests comming to accompany
you to church.

Ly. Why this is excellent, men whom it not concerns
Are more respectiue then we that are maine Actors.

Bub. Father *Rasb.*, be not so outrageous, we will goe in and
buckle our selues, all in good time, how now! what's this a-
bout my shannes? *Enter old Geraldine, and Long-fishe*

Scatt. Me thought our shankes were not fellowes, we haue
metamorphosed our stockings for want of splendor. *Exit.*

Bub. Pray what's that *Splendor*?

Scatt. Why 'tis the Latin word for a Christmalle candle

Lyon. O Gentlemen, you loue, you honour mee, welcome,
welcome

Greenes Tu Quoque.

welcome good Master Geraldine, you haue taken paines
To accompany an vndeserving friend. *Enter Philius.*

Old Ger. You put vs to a needlesse labour sir;
To runne and winde about for circumstance,
When the plaine word, I thanke you, would haue seru'd.

Lyon. How now wench, are the females ready yet?
The time comes on vpon vs, and we runne backeward:
We are so vntoward in our busines,
We thinke not what we haue to doe, nor what we doe.

Phili. I know not sir whether they know what to doe, but
I am sure they haue beeene at Church well-nie an houre, they
were afraid you had got the start of them, which made them
make such haste.

Lyon. I'th possible, what thinke you Gentlemen?
Are not these wenches forward? is there not vertue in a man
can make yong Virgins leaue their beddes so soone.
But is the widdow gone along with them?

Phili. Yes sir; why she was the ring-leader.

Lyo. I thought as much, for she knowes what belong's to't;
Come Gentlemen, me thinkes 'tis sport to see
Yong wenches run to church before their husbands: *Ex. Rab.*
Faith we shall make them blush for this ere night:
A serra, are you come? why that's well said;
I marld indeede that all things were so quiet,
Which made me thinke th'ad not vnwrapt their sheete:

Enter Servaunt with a cloake.
And then were they at Church I holde my lise:
Maides thinke it long vntill ech be made a wife.

Enter Spend Sta. Geraldine, Widdow, Garterred, and loye.
Hast thou my cloake knaue? well said, put it on,
Wee'l after them; let me goe hasten both,
Both the Bridegroomes forward, wee'l walke a little
Softly on afore: but see, see, if they be not come
To fetch vs now, we come, we come,
Bid them returne, and saue them selfes this labour.

Rab. Now haue I a quartane ague vpon me.

Lyon.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Lyonell. Why how now ! why come you from Church to kneele thus publikely , what's the matter?

Ger. We kneele sir for your blessing.

Lyon. How, my blessing ! Master *Geraldines*, is not that your sonne ?

Old Ger. Yes sir, and that I take it is your daughter.

Lyon. I suspe& knauery, what are you ?

Why doe you kneele hand in hand with her ?

Sir. For a fatherly blessing too sir.

Lyon. Hoy day ! 'tis palpable , I am gall'd , and my sonne Scatter-good and Bubble fool'd , you are married ?

Spend. Yes sir, we are married.

Lyon. More villanie ! every thing goes the wrong way.

Spend. We shall goe the right way anone, I hope.

Lyon. Yes marry shall you , you shall eene to the Counter againe , and that's the right way for you.

Wid. O you are wrong,

The prison that shall hold him are these armes.

Lyon. I doe feare that I shall turne flinckard, I do smell such a matter : you are married then ?

Enter Scatter-good and Bubble.

Spend. Ecce signum, heere's the wedding Ring t'affirme it.

Lyon. I belieue the knaue has druncke Ipocras ,
He is so pleasant.

Sir. God morrow Gentlemen.

Bub. Tu quoque to all : what, shall we goe to Church ?

Come, I long to be about this geare.

Lyon. Doe you heare me , will you two goe sleepe againe ?
take out the tother nap, for you are both made Cockescombes ,
and so am I .

Sir. How, Cockes-combes !

Lyon. Yea Cockes-combes .

Sir. Father, that word Cockes-comb goes against my flomacke .

Bub. And against mine, a man might ha digested a Wood-cocke better.

Lyon.

Gresnes Tu Quoque.

Lyon. You two come now to goe to church to be married,
And they two come from Church, and are married.

Bub. How, married ! I would see that man durst marry her.

Ger. Why sir, what would you doe?

Bub. Why sir I would forbid the banes.

Scat. And so would I.

Lyon. Doe you know that youth is Sartin, hee's the peaner
that belongs to that Inck-horne.

Bub. How, let me see, are not you my man *Geraldine*?

Scat. Yes sir. *Enter a Sergeant.*

Bub. And haue you married her?

Scat. Yes sir.

Bub. And doe you thinke you haue vsde me well?

Scat. Yes sir.

Bub. O intollerable rascall ! I will presently be made a luf-
fice of Peace, and haue thee whipp'd, goe fetch a Constable.

Scat. Come, y'are a flourishing Asse; Sergeant take him to
thee, he has had a long time of his pageantry.

Lyon. Sirra let him goe, I'le be his baile, for all debts which
come aginst him.

Scat. Reuerend sir, to whom I owe the duty of a sonne,
Which I shall euer pay in my obedience :
Know that which made him gracieous in your eyes,
And guilded ouer his imperfections,
Is wasted and consumed eue like ice,
Which by the vehemence of heate dissolues,
And glides to many rivers, so his wealth,
That felte a prodigall hand, hote in expence,
Melted within his gripe, and from his coffers,
Rannte like a violent stremme to other mens,
What was my owne, I catch'd ar.

Lyon. Haue you your morgage in?

Scat. Yes sir.

Lyon. Stand vp, the matter is well amended,
Master *Geraldine*, you giue suffrance to this match.

Old Ger. Yes marry doe I sir, for since they loue,

Greene's Tu Quoque.

I'll not haue the crime lie on my head,
To chide me an and wife.

Lyon. Why you say well, my blessing fail upon you,
Sta. An iupon vs that loue sir *Lyonell*.

Lyon. By my troth since thou haile can haue the yong knave,
God giue the joy of him, and my he prove
A wifer in then his Master.

Sta. Sergeant, why doſt not carry him to prison?

Serg. Sir *Lyonell* Rath will baile him.

Lyon. I baile him knave! wherefore should I baile him?
No, carry him away, he reliev no prodigally.

Bub. Good sir *Lyonell*, I beseech you sir, Gentlemen, I pray
make a purse for me.

Serg. Come sir, to me, are you beggery?

Bub. Why that doest you no harme *Geroge*, master I should
say; some compassion.

Sta. Sergeant, come backe with him, looke sir, heere is
your liuery,
If you can put off all your former pride,
And put on this with that humilitie
That you first wore it, I will pay your debts,
Free you of all incombrances,
And take you againe into my seruice.

Bub. Tenter-hooke let me goe, I will take his worships
offer without wages, rather then come into your clutches againe;
a man in a blewe coate may haue some colour for his
knaury, In the Counter he can haue none.

Lyon. But now M. *Scatter-good*, what say you to this?

Scatt. Marry I say 'tis scarce honest dealing for any man to
Conny-catch another mans wife, I protest wee'l not put it vp.

Sta. No, which we?

Scatt. Why *Gartred* and I.

Sta. *Gartred*, why shal I put it vp.

Scatt. Will she?

Ger. I thinke she will, and so must you.

Scatt. Must I?

60.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Ger. Yes that you must.

Detr. Well, if I must, I must; but I protest I would not;
But that I must: *Sic vide, vides: Et tu quoque.* *Exit.*

Lion. Why that's well said,

Then I perceiue we shall wind vp all wrōng:
Come Gentlemen, and all our other guests:
Let our well-temper'd blouds taste *Bacchus* feasts,
But let vs know first how these sports delight,
And to these Gentlemen each bid good night.

Rish. Gentles, I hope, that well my labor ends,
All that I did was but to please my friends.

Ger. A kind enamouret I did thrie to prove,
But now I leaue that, and pursue your loue.

Gart. My part I haue performed with the rest,
And though I haue not, yet I would doe best.

Sia. That I haue cheated through the Play, 'tis true,
But yet I hope, I haue not cheated you.

Joyce. If with my clamors I haue done you wrōng,
Euer hereafter I will hold my tongue.

Spend. If through my riot I haue offendue beene,
Henceforth I le play the ciuil Citizen.

Wid. Faith all that I say, is, how ere it happe,
Widdowes like Mids sometimes may catch a clappe.

Bub. To mirth and laughter henceforth I'le prouoke ye,
If you but please to like of *Greenes Tu quoque*.

FINIS.

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